MIDSUMMER NUMBER

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MIDSUMMER DAY DREAMS.

Actor, Manager and Public.

BY STEELE MACKAYE.

The utility of the stage—that which gives it all its title to respect—depends upon the art of the actor to make clear, even to the most ordinary minds, the poetic perceptions, the deep experiences, the noble struggles of the highest types of humanity. The value of dramatic art lies in its power to move the heart of the common mass to sympathy with the exceptional few in their battle with vulgarity and selfishness, and in their struggle to attain to higher forms of manhood.

Another and equally important faculty which lends lustre to this art lies in its capacity to expose to the super-refined and hypercultured that divine spark which slumbers with latent power within the breast of the rudest and most untutored man.

Dramatic art—true to its highest destiny—would convert the theatre into an unsectarian temple, where both high and low would be brought into sympathetic rapport; where the most opposite classes might learn to understand each other better and to respect each other more.

The theatre, in order to exert its noblest influence, must be able to command the services of a corps of artists who can, by the wonderful perfection of their art, make the finest dramatic literature fascinating and attractive to those promiscuous masses of society upon whose support the exisience of the theatre depends.

Managers can never produce fine art successfully with actors and actresses of inferior culture and character, for artists can only give life to plays on a level with themselves, and the public, though quick to sympathize with all that is inspiriug, and anxious to applaud everything that is good, can never be induced to patronize a play, however noble in itself, whose ideals are only half realized, or are rendered ridiculous by those who attempt to interpret them. It is far more agreeable to see something commonplace well done than to see something fine unworthily done; for nothing is more revolting than the abasement of the sublime from its high and modest simplicity by the loud, vulgar or weak action of the mediocre actor.

The theatre, depending upon the public for support, is forced to present what will attract the public.

The public has two distinct sides by which it may be won—its senses and its soul. The theatre appeals to the senses through the spectacular art of the scene painter and the sensational effects of the mechanician; it appeals to the soul through the emotional art of its actors.

The mechanician and scene painter have caught with avidity at every suggestion that the advancement of modern science could give them, and have therefore developed the ability to produce their special effects with striking certainty and power.

The comparatively limited number of really earnest, intelligent and reliable actors renders the emotional effects of the play far less certain of realization than its mechanical effects.

What is the result?

As long as managers can count for their effects more surely on the scene painter and the mechanician than upon the actor, they will naturally give a more dangerous prominence to the merely spectacular portion of theatric art, and the plays which win success to-day are generally those which depend more upon their sensational stage attire than upon the dramatic ability of the acting company.

Thus, the purely material side of the art threatens to outstrip the ideal and esthetic side, and to end in dedicating the theatre to mere sensation and frivolity.

The scene painter works ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day at his profession, after having served an apprenticeship of years in studying from nature, before attempting to paint a scene.

How many actors and actresses can claim to have been equally in earnest in preparation for, or practice of, their profession? And yet, surely the art of acting, dealing as it often does with the loftiest conceptions of the grandest minds, is far more subtle and important, and requires far more intensity of study than the art of scene painting.

In the scenic art behind the actor—and in the musical art in front of him—earnest work and stern discipline are fully appreciated and respected. Why should the actor's art, which is the center and core to which the others are merely accessory be—as it mostly is—an exception to this rule?

Genius and work accomplish all things, but genius requires work to perfect its powers, and work often develops a genius that lies latent and entirely unsuspected.

Genius is the power in the individual to spontaneously express the universal experiences of the race. It unmasks man to himself.

It implies two distinct faculties.

1st: The faculty to feel.

2d: The faculty to express.

Each of these faculties is the completing actor of the other.

The work of the artist increases his genius when it develops:

1st: His faculty to feel—or his inward power to perceive the meaning of life. This can only be done by an untiring study of the facts and history of life in nature itself.

2d: His faculty to express or his outward power to perform. This cannot be developed properly without a thorough discipline of the actor's own pantomimic and vocal organization.

The work above suggested the dramatic artist must do for himself—but the manager and the public have obligations to the actor which they are often inclined to forget.

It is very difficult for the actor to respect himself, or his art, in a theatre where all that is accessory to his professson behind the scenes suggests to him the idea that the actor is nothing more than a puppet—out of whom the most humanity possible is to be obtained, and to whom the least humanity possible is to be shown.

The actor who has in him the qualities which most tend to make him successful is almost always very sensitive to the influence of his surroundings and to the attitude of the public toward his work.

In a really first-class theatre the environment should be as attractive and inspiring as possible—both materially and mentally. The atmosphere he breathes should be so pure as not to poison his lungs, destroy the quality of his voice, and deaden his brain for his work on the stage. His own private room, and the place in which he meets his fellow artists, should be such as would be most likely to make him feel that he is regarded and respected as a *man* as well as an artist. The influence of such surroundings tends to sustain the self-respect of the actor, and to keep up his faith in the worth and dignity of his art—and this *entourage* the manager owes to his company.

The public also has an obligation to the dramatic artist.

Among the forces that sway the hearts and imaginations of man, there is none so potent for good or evil as the art of the actor. It is a living power that deposits in the mind of the public the seeds of refinement or corruption; it appeals to all the faculties of human nature; it wields an influence to sensualize or humanize the masses of mankind, which should secure for the art itself the attention and respect of all those interested in the moral progress of the race—and for those who practice the art a consideration in no way second to that given to the members of any other profession.

The public is the real educator of the actor. Its laughter, tears or applause give direction to his development as much as they inspire his genius. If the public laughs at low or vulgar gags; if it applauds unmeaning noise, or fails to respond to the sober but significant reflection of nature by the actor, then it misleads him, and is responsible for his degeneracy as an artist.

In a word, actor, manager and public have each an obligation to respect the best interests of the other, and the noblest era in the drama will arrive when they co-operate harmoniously in a spirit of good-will.

Art is the last form of human effort to approach perfection; it is the final guage of human progress—but the drama, which has been comparatively neglected and despised, is as yet behind other forms of art in its development. The time is at hand, however, when this outlet of the artistic instinct of man will be the most cherished and revered, for, calling, as it does, all the other arts into active co-operation, it is the only one that can ever realize with perfect fullness and living force the sublimest ideals of the human mind.

The Press Agent.

BY GEORGE P. GOODALE, OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

One of the most interesting animals in the human menagerie is that unique freak of our dramatic civilization, the Press Agent.

He occupies a field, his possession of which has long made him a much-envied and very superior creature—for to be envied is more or less convincing proof of superiority. I have never known two specimens of the *genus* to bear close resemblance to each other, and their methods of work are as diverse as their idiosyncracies. I have had long and intimate acquaintance with the men who "work the press" in the interest of dramatic and musical ventures, and have yet to find one who had not remarkable endurance and enormous capacity for work. Most of them are intensely loyal to the stars, combinations, or what-not which they represent—men who fling themselves into their work with commendable if not always inspiring ardor. The extent to which they have sometimes been known to stretch their consciences has excited my admiration and amazement. I recollect a case in point. It was in the season of 1879-80 that a charming little actress, whose *chic* has drawn handsomely in the way of dollars and admirers, had for press agent an extremely animated young gentleman from Boston. No matter if it *was* his first season: he didn't purpose to let any critic within his bailiwick know that he hadn't grown up "on the road," and the methods he adopted whereby to convince the guild of his professional maturity were quite level with his determination. He called on me one night after the performance, laid down his card, offered a cigar, and with an air of most commanding authority, mapped out a scheme for a "notice" which he said he intended to have me publish next morning.

"But, my accommodating frend, I don't exactly see how you are to——"

"Oh, that'll be all right." (Moving his right hand and his cigar in majestic apology for the interruption). "I'll print your notice on a sheet of press extracts and send them all round the country. That'll be a big ad. for *The Free Press*, don't you see?"

"Yes—I see; but suppose my notions of a 'notice' should not exactly correspond to yours? It is possible I may deviate from the instructions."

"Ho! that's easily got over. I'll just take the notice, fix it up to suit myself and give your paper credit for it all the same."

When it was intimated to him that by carrying out his extremely reassuring plan he might be a brewing some possible personal embarrassment, his hurt look and piteous gesture cut me to the heart. To this day that look of reproachful woe haunts me, and I would never cease to chide myself were it not for the fortunate circumstance that his "notice" was of a kind that measurably met his views.

I suppose everybody remembers Colonel Thompson, a brilliant and daring fellow who lost a leg in the war of the Rebellion and then turned cynic press agent and critic by starts. There was a man who commanded the tenderest pathos, the savagest satire and the most frightful invective at will. Some years ago he traveled for a season as press agent of a star whose name yet figures conspicuously in what you New Yorkers, with airy superiority, dominate "the Provinces." He had a week in Detroit at a theatre long defunct, but then pretentiously styled the Academy of Music. One night East Lynne was up. Some pressing duty called me away from the theatre, and, knowing Thompson's versatility, I pressed him into service for the occasion as the Free Press critic. I reached the office about midnight. My substitute was there and had written a half column concerning his star's acting as Lady Isabel. I have heard Judge Curtiss apply the flaying alive process to his client's opponents; I have read William Winter's estimate of Deacon Crankett; I have certain discomforting recollections of Junius; but these are emollients when compared with the erratic Thompson's merciless butchery of his own star. Every sentence was an assegai, and every paragraph a blow that might have a cleft a white oak tree. Terrible feeble describes that critique. It was deadly. Thompson assured me that it represented his convictions, and so it saw the light. The engagement was not a successful one, and this is the first time the curtain has been rung up on the inner history of that *critique*. His star has since been fortunate, but her eccentric agent has been translated. His obituary of Mark Smith, written for the same journal twenty-four hours later, is one of the gentlest, most lovable, poetic and touching tributes to genial worth I have ever found in book or newspaper.

These are of course strikingly exceptional instances. The average press agent is justly regarded as a shrewd judge of human nature, who knows everybody worth knowing on the press, whose fidelity to his trust is unquestionable, and whose presence is always welcome on the editorial floor. I count them by scores among my personal friends. So far as my experience goes they do not seek to mislead those who write of the theatre. I will take a step further and say, in simple justice to a pestered and much abused class, that there are not in the United States a dozen press agents who ever misrepresented to me the quality or particularly exaggerated the merits of any attraction to which they asked my professional attention in the way of preliminary work.

Hints to Young Managers.

BY J. H. HAVERLY.

My business has been to write posters, and not newspaper articles. I was considerably nonplussed, therefore, when THE MIRROR requested a contribution for its Midsummer Number. After thinking the matter over, I concluded to send in something in the shape of a few lines of advice to young aspirants who want to become managers.

In the first place, unless they possess extraordinary energy, a determination to overcome every obstacle, and an ambition that stops at no discouragement, they had better not try management at all. If they have these necessary qualities and a few thousands to start on, it will be their own fault if they don't succeed.

They must be very humble. The manager, no matter how prosperous he may become, is nothing more nor less than a servant—the public's servant. The other night this was forcibly recalled to me. I stood in the lobby of my Fourteenth Street Theatre, when a gentleman came out in a terrific rage, and addressing me said:

"What sort of a manager are you? Don't you know how a first-class theatre should be conducted?"

I mildly asked him what the trouble was.

"The trouble!" he exclaimed, raising his voice to a high pitch. "The trouble is that I bought two seats at the box-office, and when I went down the aisle to occupy them I found them taken."

"Let me have your coupons," said I, "and we'll look into the matter." Then I took him down to the seats which his checks called for, and found them empty.

The gentleman was profuse in his apologies, and explained that he had looked for his seats on the wrong side of the auditorium, where the numbers corresponded to those which had been sold to him by the treasurer. I didn't tell him so, but nevertheless I thought that if he had not tried to explore the theatre on his own responsibility, an usher would have taken him to his stalls and obviated the whole difficulty.

I only cite this trifling incident to show how utterly the manager is the servant of the whims and caprices of the public to which he caters. I have always made it a duty to personally look after the comfort, convenience and wishes of the patrons that attend my performances. Every manager will find that this plan meets with its reward in the long end.

Many people imagine that theatrical management is nothing more nor less than theatrical gambling. They are sadly mistaken in their theory. Management is not a lottery nor a game of chance, but a business which requires careful watching and tending. The man who trusts to luck or makes wild ventures in the dramatic field cannot keep his head above water long. A certain amount of experimenting and speculating is necessary in the most legitimate mercantile business, and the same is true of dramatic affairs. But with a clear head and a good knowledge of his calling, a manager may take no unusual risks.

Last, but not least, I would strongly caution the young manager against antagonizing or fighting the newspapers. No matter what his personal feelings may be, no matter how unjust the criticisms that may appear in print about his judgment, his business ability or his personal character, it is absolutely essential that he should smother these, and consider that in his profession he can afford to do nothing that will arouse the ire of any newspaper that can at any time be of value to him. The good will of the humblest creature is preferable to its ill-will, and certainly the friendship of the mighty press is of vital importance to the manager's success. If the young man starts out with an opposite idea in his mind he will find sooner than he may think how rudely that idea can be shattered.

As for myself, I like to pick up a paper and see a kind little notice about J. H. Haverly. Nothing makes me feel more pleasantly toward myself and mankind in general. Besides, what is a greater consideration, it is an advertisement for my business. To sum up the whole matter briefly: fulfil all your obligations, consider your word as good as your bond, give the people a little more than your promise, and trust the rest to a generous public that always responds to the call of enterprise and energy.

Our Toilers.

BY ETTIE HENDERSON.

It has often been suggested to me to write an article in defence of the working people of my profession, and my answer has invariably been, they need no defence, and my profession defends itself. Besides, so many able writers have handled the subject before that it would seem presumption on my part to attempt to do more than they have already done. I remember, some years ago, a writer in a Western daily paper inquired, "Is the theatre a school of virtue or vice?" and it was ably answered by an old member with great ability. Doran says: "While people were deploring the death of Mary Stuart a little man in the parish of St. Batolph was raging a wordy war against stage-players." As far back as we can ascertain the same questions have arisen, and will continue to. No one denies that the theatre has its vices. What profession, business, trade, or occupation can living man follow that has not its vices and temptations? Not the Church, for that has been particularly noticeable for its shortcomings. Only those in professional circles are enabled to judge how wide a sphere its virtues govern. Its vices are more easily observed, from the simple fact that each man or woman has somewhat of vice in themselves, and we frequently see in others but the reflection of our own characters without realizing that had we been so placed, or so tempted, we should not have done a whit better, perhaps not halt so well. It does not necessarily follow that because Miss Jones is "not what she ought to be," Miss Brown, who dresses in the same room, or appears in the same play, is equally "unfit to be in the company;" and yet how often are all classed alike unjustly. This is not the case in other circles—the young milliner, who trims hats and is the support of an aged mother, suffers no degradation by sewing side by side with with Miss James, who is the "special favorite" of one of the members of the firm, and who wears diamond ear-rings, etc., etc. I am glad to know that the belief that people in a theatre cannot do as other people of the world do, is rapidly passing away. It is not long since I heard of a lady who keeps a few theatrical boarders, who remarked. "When I went into Mrs. ——'s room last evening her children were on their knees beside her saying their prayers. I would not have believed it if I had not seen it. I did not suppose *theatrical* people thought of such things." Isn't it lamentable to think that because we are of the theatre we are hardly judged as human? The same high-minded writer who asks, "Is the theatre a school of virtue," etc., also says: "We do not forget the assassin, Booth, was trained for his terrible deed in the theatre." Booth was trained by a virtuous, loving mother, surrounded by brothers and sisters, who have been shining lights in public, and an honor and pride to the domestic circle. It was in his own heart that wickedness dwelt, and not because of his belongings. It is proper to ask this writer now, while the nation's chief lies low, and the hearts of the American people are beating with anxiety, which tries to pierce the distance between them and the White House, in what high school of virtue was the assassin of Garfield trained? Was he trained in the theatre? Proudly we answer, no. He is a lawyer. But for that reason should we ostracize the whole of the legal profession? Do we not know that they are not responsible for the action of this wicked wretch who calls himself one of their members, and they will not be called upon to close their offices? While as a body the theatrical profession deplored the deed that laid our martyr President low, we can say with pride, no such dastardly act as that of the present can be ascribed to a theatre or its trainings; and we have studied too clearly and closely all human passions, motives and actions, ever to hold one responsible for the shortcomings of another. That the theatre can be as much a school of virtue as any other calling I maintain, for it has been my happy lot to pass a great portion of my life in close communion with those whose virtues and whose homes bear sufficient evidence for themselves. Among the Long Branch residents, several theatrical families are located when not professionally occupied. Perhaps I might omit Mrs. John Hoey, who has been some time in retirement; but she is proud to be remembered as Wallack's leading lady and great favorite; but I shall class her lovely home with that of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Paddock (Maggie Mitchell), Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau; previous to his losses in New York, Edwin Booth and wife, whose family still reside here; Mrs. W. R. Floyd, who lives in quiet seclusion with her three lovely daughters; and Mrs. Edwin Adams. All these are honorable examples of a profession whose position can be honorably maintained when it lies within ourselves to have it so. The peace, love and happiness in these domestic circles are apparent to all those who know them and are of them; so I repeat, the profession needs no defence. Dwell in these homes; partake of their bounties; know of their charities; and ask of their trainings. Never deny that they are not fully able to be teachers of the pure, true and good, and in "holding the mirror up to nature" render men and women more contented with life and better prepared for its struggles with temptation.

A Prairie Ride.

Hey! for the prairie, Nell;
Loud clangs the outer bell.
Surely do its blithe notes tell
Our steeds are here.
Yes, there they paw the ground,
Neighing with cheerful sound,
Greeting us with eager bound,
As we appear.

Out of the stifling vale,
Hence from the townsmen pale,
Like proud ships before a gale,
Away! Away!
Draw not till mankind sinks
Into the mist that links
Poetry to Prose, methinks,
The Night to Day.

Pure draughts of prairie wine
Quaff we, as far behind,
Purged from our baser kind,
We leave the town.
Prairie we quickly tread,
Sweetly perfumed bed!
Here is Flora's carpet spread,
All green and brown.

Fling now the bridle free;
Swift as the falcon we
Dash across the prairie sea,
We care not whither.
Fast the red light is going,
Fresh the night breeze is blowing,
Darker are the heavens growing,
And we together!

Still, though the sun is gone,
Madly we gallop on,
Heart and soul on pinions borne
Of strong delight.
Westwardly, side by side,
Fast and more fast we ride,
Heralds on the flowing tide
Of coming night.

Wild is our joy to feel
Earth's breast beneath us reel,
Shouts and laughter, peal on peal,
The echoes wake.
Here breathe we heaven's air,
Here view we prospects fair,
Say what can with this compare,
Or from it take?

Stay! ho, the rising Moon
Hither is coming soon,
Tendering the welcome boon
Of her soft ray.
See, from that Eastern cloud
Merges the Night Queen proud;
Holier she ever show'd
Than glare of Day.

Hush'd be our merriment;
Moonlight has never lent
Gaiety encouragement
In hearts like ours.
Close to Nell's side I draw,
Closer than e'er before
Travelers have ridden o'er
The prairie flowers.

Bending across to her,
I, sans the least demur,
Beg my darling will confer
A kiss on me.
Sweet 'tis to ride along
List'ning the prairie's song,
Forgetting to Earth's slaves belong
The happy We.

—LEONARD S. OUTRAM.

A Brilliant Journalist.

STEPHEN FISKE.

If my reader is one of the fortunate few who bask in the sunshine of Stephen Fiske's friendship, he has no need to go further than that gentleman's drawing room to get a distinct idea of an English home. Mr. Fiske is not an Englishman by birth but by taste and inclination, and he has made a little England of his roomy apartments not far removed from the busy haunts of actors. Relics of London pranks, pictures by famous British artists, autograph portraits of Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and other celebrated English writers, pipes, segars, overflowing bookcases, and a richly stocked *bouffet*, are a few of the features that strike the eye of the visitor on entering the abode of this brilliant writer, and prince of entertainers. Nothing if not hospitable, Mr. Fiske is a sort of human magnet that attracts all the journalists, actors, managers and professional people generally who leave their cherished London fogs, roast beef and white bait for a sojourn among us barbarians. If the glasses and plates on Mr. Fiske's sideboard could have voice for a short time what tales of jovial dinners, hilarious suppers, and epicurean breakfasts to British strangers within our gates they would tell! What sallies of trenchant wit, memorable *bon mots* and delicious chaff they would recall! Indeed, there is no necessity for my calling attention to Mr. Fiske's well sustained reputation as a *bon vivant*—that is known to the high livers of both the English and American metropolis. The hundreds who have had practical illustrations of his talent—for it is nothing short of that—in ordering a dinner can bear witness with me that there are few better epicures as there are few better journalists than the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Fiske is a charming conversationalist. His speech is as clever, and as full of crisp epigrams as his articles. His fund of anecdote is as deep and spontaneous as an artesian well, and I know of no greater pleasure than enjoying a pipe at his quarters. These stories cover a very wide range, and include characters whose names are household words. For so young a man—Mr. Fiske has lived forty-one years—he has mingled with more great people than any ordinary man would meet in two lifetimes. Added to his splendid social qualities, this advantage places him at once in a position to command thoughtful and earnest consideration. His nature is frank and open. He is a faithful friend, and he can be a relentless enemy. He entered the field of journalism at a time when the "specialty" system of writers had not impaired it as a school for the development of versatile talents; when men were expected to write an able leader one day on the social condition of the Siamese, and advance a new theory on the origin of Shakespeare the next. Those were the days when genuine competition existed even among the small newsgatherers of the daily press, and real merit was quickly recognized, and the road to promotion clear of the favoritism and red tape that characterize it now. Reared and fostered among such surroundings, it is by no means strange that Stephen Fiske worked his way to the topmost rungs of the journalistic ladder of fame, and that when he left New York for London on James Gordon Bennett's yacht there was not a position on the local press that he could not have had for the asking, and at his own terms, too.

Mr. Fiske, although wedded to his chosen profession, has a restive and speculative longing for theatrical management. He has conducted several theatres, both in England and this country, and the love of the business clings to him still. But I think—successful as he has been both at journalism and management—Mr. Fiske should have chosen the profession of law. His clear, analytical mind, splendid argumentative powers and broad comprehension of the most abstruse questions would have given him magnificent advantages in legal practice, and there's not the shadow of a doubt, had he chosen this vocation, that to day he would have occupied a seat on the bench in the full enjoyment of a national fame as a learned jurist. He was admitted to the New York Bar in 1861, by Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Fiske is happily married to a lady as brilliant, as clever, and as genial as himself, and whose tastes in every way resemble his. Their friends call them "The Happy Pair." Mr. Fiske says: "The difference between the two volumes of the Fiske family is that she has genius, while I have a capacity for work."

Some philosopher declares that these are really the same thing," I observed.

"Then, that philosopher was not a genius," replied Mr. Fiske. "This lamp may continue burning for years; but it can never produce the effect of lightning. Genius is lightning—instantaneous, dazzling, complete."

"And you ——?" I interrupted.

O, I am satisfied to be a lamp—especially if I can be A READING LAMP."

Mr. Fiske received his collegiate training at Rutgers. While he was a "verdant freshman" he edited a New Brunswick paper called the *Daily News*, and wrote sermons for theological students at the Seminary which took first prizes. Before he had attained his majority he was made local editor of the Brooklyn *Transcript*. Old Bennett heard of the young man's articles and offered him a position on the reportorial staff of the *Herald*, which was accepted. This was in Frederic Hudson's time. Fiske soon distanced his associate reporters, and was honored by Bennett with the position of special correspondent to accompany the Prince of Wales through Canada. Joe Howard was one of the party, and the divers and numerous schemes by means of which Fiske "beat" him in transmitting telegraphic news to New York would make racy reading had I the space to devote to them. Mr. Fiske was next sent to accompany President Lincoln from Springfield. His description of Mr. Lincoln's flight from Harrisburg and his sending the Bible from Niagara by telegraph in order to hold the wires for the *Herald*, are facts too well known to need comment. During the civil war Mr. Fiske did excellent service. He went to Washington and restored telegraphic communication with New York, and recovered the baggage of the Massachusetts Sixth on his way and took it to the Capital. After E. G. P. Wilkins' demise he was given an editorial post, and later acted as dramatic critic. At this time he was an industrious contributor to the leading magazines and leading weeklies, and he also had produced two plays, My Noble Son in-law and Corporal Cartouche, the first at Wallack's and the latter at the old Winter Garden. Mr. Fiske sailed to England on Mr. Bennet's yacht Henrietta, which won the first ocean race. Arrived in London, he was soon contributing to Dickens' *All the Year Round*, "The Thunderer," and *Tinsley's Magazine*. In the last named periodical he wrote some "Letters from an American Fenian," which created a great stir and placed the author's life in jeopardy. At this time he published a book called "English Photographs by an American," which ran through several editions. It was republished over here in *Harper's*. Then he managed the St. James' Theatre, first for Mrs. John Wood and afterwards on his own responsibility; ran She Stoops to Conquer two hundred nights; made successes of three papers, the *Hornet*, *Home Journal*, and *Newsvendor*, and started an opera company. In '74 he came back to New York, and was engaged by his old newspaper *confrere*, Augustin Daly, to assume the business management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. After Daly left, Mr. Fiske entered into an unfortunate partnership with his leading man, —who behaved toward him in a worse than questionable fashion—and together they ran the theatre a short time. After this Mr. Fiske received a handsome offer to accept the dramatic editorship of the *Spirit of the Times*, which he accepted, and still holds. A few months since he was tendered an editorial post on the *Star*, which he also fills brilliantly at the present time. His witty articles are often recognizable in the pages of our leading magazines.

Mr. Fiske can write well upon any subject within the range of a newspaper man's functions, and in this, as in many other respects, he is the superior of nine tenths of his contemporaneous journalists.

THE USHER.

Not Down on the Bill.

BY TOWNSEND PERCY.

The Company's mess was a long table in the dining-room of the Grand Hotel in Panama, where the unmarried officers and clerks of the Pacific Mail and Panama Railroad Companies, stationed at that point, were in the habit of taking their meals together daily. It was an evening in the early spring of 1874, and the city had been visited but a few weeks before by a disastrous fire. The old Cathedral and a public hall were the only buildings facing the Plaza Grande, which had been spared by what newspapers call "the devouring element." This hall was then appropriated for the Grand Hotel, and the upper floors partitioned off for bed rooms, while we dined in a great room opening on the street and the *patio* by means of high arched doorways.

There were a dozen or more of us at the mess table on the evening of which I speak, and the conversation was of the character usual in such gatherings; gossip about the service, speculations in regard to promotions or changes, and occasional references to stale news from New York, being the staple topics.

The men assembled around the table were of all ages and several nationalities. There was the chief storekeeper, a medium-sized, well-built fellow, who looked anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five, and spoke English with a Yorkshire accent, but who was a Russian, born in Moscow, and, with the facility of his nation, speaking a dozen different languages, as some one has said, with equal fluency and inaccuracy. Then there were two or three men, evidently New York men, born and bred, but somewhat improved by contact with the world, though they had lost none of the assurance and smartness which they were born with. The principal one of these was Tom Winston, the cashier, a tall, dark, rather handsome fellow, and a good deal of a favorite with most of us, and none the less so from the fact that it was to his good offices we were obliged to trust whenever, as was not unfrequently the case, an unlucky turn at roulette, or too much confidence in two small pairs, obliged us to seek an advance on our next month's salaries. Then there were a native or two, descendants of Vasco Nunez de Balboa every one of them, and not a bad sort either—an Italian duke who had left his fortune on the Paris Bourse, he said, but on the table at Monaco we suspected. Dinner over, some one suggested the usual walk on the Bovedos.

"Remember the show to-night," said another.

"By Jove! yes, there is a show. Are we all going?"

"Certainly," "Certamly," cried several. "We have them so seldom we can't afford to neglect the opportunity." And off we all trouped through the billiard-room, where Englishmen in canvas shoes, cork helmets, and the inevitable puggaree; Frenchmen in low-neck shirts and moustaches waxed in defiance of the heat; Spaniards in pointed shoes, bull-bottomed trousers and Panama hats; naval officers in white duck uniforms, and representatives of a score of nationalities, were lounging about. And after stopping to light our cigars, started for our walk.

There is but one promenade in that ruined old town, and that leads through a narrow winding street, the walks of which are overhung with balconies, up to the old stone fort called the Bovedos. Along the parapet of this is a promenade a hundred feet wide and an eighth of a mile long, and here the better class of the foreign and native population are wont to resort after dinner. It commands a superb view of the bay, which is dotted with islands, and rivals the famed one of Naples in beauty.

After watching the sunset, we walked back in the cool of the night, which falls without twilight in that latitude to see the show.

There had been no bills posted in the town, but a handsomely engrossed placard, probably the work of the artist himself, had announced several days before that "Monsieur Alphonse and Mlle. Ernestine will have the honor to appear before the residents of Panama in their Parlor Entertainment, with which they have delighted the residents of the Island of Jamaica, as witness the following letter of the Governor General." Then followed the usual condescending letter from that august functionary, tendering the "talented artists" a benefit, as I afterward learned, to get them off his hands and off the Island at the same time.

In the absence of any better place, the town as I have said being half in ruins, and the other half recently burned, the show was given in the dining-room of the only restaurant in the place, which had a canvas roof stretched across the four walls left standing by the fire, and a temporary floor. Shows were, and still are, I fancy, rare things in Panama, and consisted mainly of concerts and zarzuelas given at long intervals by troupes of strolling Spanish players. No tickets (*billettes d'entrada*) were sold at the door, so after the formality of purchasing a written pass for a silver dollar each at the hotel office, we all filed into the room where the show was to be held. Several dining tables pushed together formed the stage, an American flag borrowed from the Consulate was looped in front of them for a curtain, and the footlights were conspicuous only by their absence. Old Paganini, the venerable colored gentleman who led the orchestra in the Cathedral, played for dances, headed the regimental band, taught music, and directed our Amateur Philharmonic Society, was of course on hand to officiate as orchestra. There were about thirty men in the room, chiefly Americans and English, with a sprinkling of foreigners, but not one woman. Spanish ladies never patronized entertainments in any but the Spanish tongue, and the foreign ladies only went when their consul's wife pronounced it "the thing," which that august lady had evidently declined to do on this occasion.

Our anticipations had not been raised to a high pitch, but anything for a lark is a godsend in such a place, and so we waited with some impatience for old Paganini to conclude his overture, when the fun would begin. When the curtain rose a table covered with a meagre assortment of the paraphernalia used by magicians was disclosed, and this was followed by the entrance of Monsieur Alphonse, who was a tall man with curly black hair and dyed moustache, clad in shabby evening dress and speaking in an assumed French accent, for he was palpably an American.

Monsieur Alphonse began his performance, talking away glibly enough to the audience, but his tricks were as threadbare as his coat and were clumsily performed at that. Not to be cheated of their fun, not to say as glad of the opportunity as a New York first night audience, the spectators began to guy Monsieur Alphonse, and as their spirits rose our mess and a party of officers from a United States man-of-war then in the harbor vied with each other in chaffing the Professor and pelting him with small witticisms, at which and the magician's mishaps, for he was a little disconcerted by this, we all laughed uproariously.

This fun lasted the best part of an hour, and then the Professor withdrew and we awaited the appearance of Mlle. Ernestine. Our experience with the professor, or M. Alphonse, had not led us to expect much from the talented vocalist whom we assumed must be some antiquated variety hall fakir; in fact, I remarked as much to Tom Winston who sat beside me near the stage enjoying the fun hugely. There was a delay of some minutes' during which voices apparently in controversy were audible from behind the flag curtain, and above the scraping and twanging of Paganini's violin, which he was industriously screwing up to concert pitch.

Several presently commenced calling out, "Hist that rag," and almost persuaded themselves that they were in the Old Bowery instead of two or three thousand miles away, and nearly under the equator.

In a moment more Paganini began playing the introduction to a then popular ballad, and the flag being pulled aside a woman advanced to the front of the extempore stage. In an instant almost every man in the room caught his breath. Instead of the brazen faced serio-comic singer we had imagined there stood before us one of the prettiest women I ever remember to have seen. She was petite and plump, with dimples in her cheeks, great grey eyes with long black lashes, and a wealth of chestnut hair coiled around a small, well-shaped head.

Her dress, to be sure, was the regulation serio-comic singer's satin petticoat, reaching just below the knees, and low-necked bodice dingy and tarnished, but showing a beautifully turned pair of ankles and a lovely neck.

As she came down, it was evident that she was suffering an agony of shame, and that her limbs trembled under her. However, she recovered herself by an effort, and began to sing in a pure, sweet soprano voice. Tom Winston seemed fascinated by her, for my muttered exclamation was not answered, nor did he remove his eyes from the girl's face.

At that moment a stranger, who had been in a drunken semi-stupor all the evening, and who sat across the aisle from us, made a brutal remark. The girl's eyes filled with tears, her face became crimson, her voice faltered, she tried to go on, but a great lump rose in her throat and choked her.

Tom did not see this, however, for the brute had hardly got the words out of his mouth before he had knocked him out of his chair, with a quick left-handed blow. In an instant all was confusion. The stranger pulled his revolver while still on the floor, but the Duke, who was fat, sat on him, and I took his weapon away. At the same moment the voice of Monsieur Alphonse, minus the French accent, was heard exclaiming to the girl, who was completely paralyzed with shame and horror:

"Go on! —— —— you. Go on!"

Tom cleared the space which separated us from the stage in, I think, one bound, and as he did so Monsieur Alphonse appeared at the side of the stage where the wing should have been. The rest of us crowded forward to see the end of this unexpected drama. Would it be a farce or a tragedy?

To our surprise, as Tom bounded on the stage, Mlle. Enestine exclaimed: "Oh, Tom!" but before he could reply M. Alphonse was on the stage and Tom pushed the girl behind him and stood confronting the irate magician.

"How dare you speak to this girl in that way?" demanded Tom.

"Well, what the —— is that to you?" replied the magician, "take your hands off my wife and get out of here," he continued, "or I'll—" and here he made a quick motion toward his pistol pocket. In a moment four or five of us, who stood below, had him covered with our revolvers, and the command "throw up your hands" was obeyed promptly by the now thoroughly cowed magician.

"Go on, Tom," we cried, not knowing exactly what we wanted him to go on with, for at the moment his position seemed both Quixotic and untenable. Tom turned to the girl and said:

"Surely, Kitty, you are not married to this brute?"

"No. No, indeed, I'm not," she cried, her face flushing with indignation.

"Then," said Tom, turning to Monsieur Alphonse, "get out of here, be off, and if you show your face in this town again, except on your way out of it, it will be the worse for you. As for this lady, I'll take care of her. Be off, I say!" And the professor slunk away like a whipped cur, while the rest of us ached to kick him.

So ended our show!

* * * * * *

We learned later that Tom and Mlle. Ernestine, whose name was Kitty Gleason, had known each other as children.

Afterward she had gone on the stage to earn her living by singing in light opera, and had been enticed by Alphonse to go with him to Jamaica. There the company came to grief, as most companies do in the West Indies, and, alone in a strange land, she had been at the mercy of Alphonse, who had persecuted her with his attentions, and forced her to aid him in his business.

In two weeks Kitty Gleason and Tom Winston were married at the American Consulate, and we lost one of our mess.

Professional Doings.

—Harry M. Pitt, an excellent picture of whom is presented above, will be an acquisition to Daly's company next season. He is a conscientious actor, and a master of stage technique.

—Constance Murielle, a San Francisco actress, has been engaged to support Selina Fetter the coming season.

—Leon, of Kelly and Leon, has been engaged by Colonel Haverly for his American Mastodons at a salary of $250.

—Charles S. Stevenson and William Crane, the comedian, are off on a yachting excursion on the coast of Maine.

—The management claim that the receipts of the three weeks' engagement of the Hazel Kirke party in San Francisco were $30,000.

—Nat Salsbury, of Salsbury's Troubadours, is spending the Summer at Fort Benton, Montana, where he has an interest in a cattle ranch.

—The success of M. B. Curtis has raised the hopes of ambitious imitators. Several companies are forming with a Jew part for the attraction.

—Charley Forbes writes us that he will commence his season at the Olympic, Chicago, August 8, opening in the drama of Black Diamonds.

—Emma Howson will temporarily retire from the Mascotte on Saturday and take a short trip to the country, Louise Searle filling her part in the interim.

—The Troubadours will commence the season on the 29th of August at Coates' Opera House, Kansas City, Mo. John Gourley returns to the company.

—W. J. Ferguson has just suffered a bereavement in the loss of his little child, six years of age. He and his wife have gone to Islip, L. I., to spend the Summer.

—Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Gillette are dramatizing a play from stories written by the former, and it is said it will be presented at the opening of the Madison Square Theatre the coming season.

—Two new electric lights have been placed inside and outside of the Windsor Theatre. The work of renovation began this week. When finished the theatre will present a very inviting appearance.

—Lillie Post will not play with the Tourists, as announced, but has been secured by the Emilie Melville Comic Opera Company. Miss Post is a finished singer, a good actress and a beautiful woman.

—Fred Maeder has just finished a play called Uncle Isaac, presumably in imitation of Sam'l of Posen, which is to be produced, in Cincinnati in August, under the management of James H. Meade.

—Time at the Windsor Theatre has been filled to June 1, 1882. The best attractions have been secured by Messrs. Stevens and Murtha, and the coming season will doubtless be a very prosperous one at this popular theatre.

—John T. Raymond's season closes on Saturday night. He will return East and rest until Sept. 5, when Fresh will take a new start on the road, under the management of Messrs. Havlin and Farrell for Brooks and Dickson.

—It is stated that Charles A. Mendum has engaged Anna Dickinson for next season, to act in Aurelian and A Crown of Thorns, opening in September in the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It is probable that W. E. Sheridan will support her. Negotiations are pending with that gentleman.

—The Corsican is the name selected by George Hoey for his new production, which will be presented by the Hoey and Hardie combination next season. It is an adaptation from the French of D'Ennery, and is said to exceed in interest and dramatic intensity the Child of the State. Mr. Hoey is quite enthusiastic regarding The Corsican, and has no fear but that it will be one of the successes of the coming season. He will open his tour Sept. 12, at the Windsor Theatre, under the management of John H. Russell. The company engaged for next season are as follows: Signora Majeroni, Emma Pierce, Mrs. J. J. Prior, Eva Barker, Lillian Morris, Mark Price, H. Rees Davis, Frank Williard, George Herbert, George Hoey, and James W. Hardie. The Corsican, Diplomacy, and the Child of the State will comprise the repertoire.

Real Tears.

BY STEPHEN FISKE.

One of the best actresses on the London stage, which is blessed with so many clever actresses, is Sallie Turner. As the comic old woman, either of burlesque or of comedy, she is admirable; and in such standard farces as the Clock-maker's Hat, she has been unrivalled since Charlotte Saunders.

If Sallie Turner had been as handsome as she is good, she would long ago have been riding in her carriage as a star. As it is, her plain face belies the lovely heart she possesses, and she supports her numerous family by engagements in the stock, where she is very useful, very happy, and very much liked and respected.

Years ago, Sallie Turner being out of an engagement, I was fortunate enough to secure her services for responsible business. She made a gallant fight, at first, for the position of second old woman, to which her experience and her notices clearly entitled her; but Miss Larkin and Miss Everard had been previously engaged, and thus outranked her. After awhile, my arguments, based upon the excellent salary and the long season offered her, prevailed over Sallie Turner's, and, at last, as responsible utility she was rated on the theatre books.

The first season passed along swimmingly. Sallie Turner had a part written in for her in La Belle Sauvage, and understudied Miss Larkin in She Stoops to Conquer. The next season everybody was re-engaged on the same terms, and then came the Real Tears which made Sallie Turner doubly valuable.

We had arranged with Mlle. Beatrice to produce her version of Frou-Frou, and I was anxious to give it a capital cast, as an opposition Frou-Frou was to be brought out at the Olympic, and an injunction suit about the play, before Vice Chancellor James, had stimulated public curiosity. So Sallie Turner was assigned the part of a maid-servant, whose duty was to open the doors, make the announcements, and attend to her fair but frail mistress in the dying scene in the last act. She had, I should think, about ten words to say, distributed over four acts.

Of course, Sallie Turner brought back her part with the usual "There must be some mistake about this." Then came the usual diplomacy.

Sallie Turner insisted that it would break her heart and ruin her in the profession to play such an ordinary utility part as that. I insisted that, although the part was small, it was of the utmost importance, and must be entrusted to an experienced actress. If any stupid mistake were made—if people were ushered on at the wrong times or by the wrong names—the whole play might be wrecked. I had selected her of all the company because of my confidence in her and because her name would strengthen the bill. And so on and so forth. You know the course of such a debate.

When we had talked ourselves hoarse without in the least convincing each other, Sallie Turner agreed to play the part out of her great regard for me and as a favor to the theatre, and I agreed to take this kindness into consideration when we settled the salaries for next season.

At the rehearsal Sallie Turner was very sad and thoughtful. She moved about in a mournful melancholy mood, very unlike her usual brisk, bright self; but she rehearsed as accurately as machinery, if as indifferently, and the management were satisfied with that. Nobody could expect a second old woman to throw her soul into such a scrap of a part, and, had she done so, her soul would have fallen through the scanty lines. She was correct, and that was enough.

The play went admirably on the first night, and in the excitement I had forgotten all about Sallie Turner. I knew she was there, however: for the doors opened and shut like clockwork, and the French names were announced in that quiet, well bred tone so difficult for a stage servant to assume. But, while the stage was being set for the last act, I went behind to report a success and congratulate Mlle Beatrice and the company.

Then I saw Sallie Turner.

She was leaning against one of the wings ready to go on. Her white apron was thrown over her head. She was shaking with half-suppressed sobs.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" I stopped to inquire.

"O, sir!" she cried, revealing her tear-drowned face, "I cannot do it—indeed, I can't! Think of all those professionals in front, and they seeing me in such a part as this, after what I have done in London! O, the shame of it, sir! I know you're very kind, and that; but I oughtn't to have attempted it, and I can't go on. O, please, sir, let one of the utility ladies do this scene. Miss Duncan knows it—she told me so." And here came a fresh burst of crying.

"Clear!" called the prompter.

"Nonsense, Sallie!" said I. "Get through it to-night, and we'll talk it over to-morrow. Here's your entrance. Now, then, wipe your eyes, and be a brave little woman."

There was a hush in the house as Sallie Turner came on the scene to announce that her poor mistress had come home to die. I turned around to the front to see what that sudden silence meant, and I found everybody crying at Sallie Turner, and Sallie Turner crying on the stage.

Never was grief more realistic. There could be no mistake as to the fact that she had been poor, lost Frou-Frou, and that broken-hearted Frou-Frou was dying. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. The tears rained down her quivering cheeks; her trembling fingers played nervously with her apron, as if she longed to wipe her eyes with it, but was restrained by respect for the company. The ladies of the audience looked at her and began to weep. Strong men felt their eyes fill, and snuffled confusedly. When Sallie made her exit there was a moment's silence and then a round of applause, which was renewed when she reappeared, leading Frou-Frou to her home.

Sallie Turner had made the success of the evening. Her genuine grief had been more effective than the careful acting of Mlle. Beatrice.

"Will you let me out of the part to-morrow, sir?" she asked, as she came from her dressing-room and met me on the stage.

"Sallie Turner," I replied, "Frou-Frou will run a hundred nights here, and another in the provinces. You shall play the maid-servant all the run, and if that don't make you cry at every performance as you have done to-night, I will hire your husband to abuse you. Why, don't you know, you dear old girl, that you have made the hit of the piece with your Real Tears?"

A Hint to Actors.

I charge nothing for this suggestion to disengaged actors who loiter on the Square during the dog days.

Hundreds of eminent citizens may be seen "carrying the banner" every day on Broadway. Why shouldn't the professionals do likewise?

Hurry up and order your appropriate labels from the nearest sign-painter!

THE USHER.

Summer Squash.

CROCKETT LODGE,
CANTON, Pa., July 10, 1881.

DEAR MIRROR:—Your request that I would contribute to your MIDSUMMER NUMBER flattered me. I never was a contributor before, and you will appreciate my natural timorousness, being an amateur in this line, and dreading to be called to account, or rather "shown up" to ridicule, and smiled at for my temerity. I venture to confess my ignorance in advance, and so soften the blow—to my susceptibility, otherwise ignorance. I have said your request flattered. I don't accuse you of any intentional wrong—but I will not digress. I was about to confess—"flatter." I have used a word, the general significance of which I could, perhaps, "contribute," but the full and complete definition that, were I a school teacher, I would be required to propound to some sleepy—or rather, that I would have to compel my yawning scholars (?) to give—is the one I, as a contributor, am supposed to employ. To do this I must have recourse to my Web—excuse me, I have a dictionary—have had for years, and have looked into it—at times—but whether it is a Web- or a Wor ster I don't know. How stupid in me to take up your time, and my own, too, to tell you that, yet it helps, with the rest, to show how unfitted I am for the role of contributor. It is a "Webster." Mr. Webster gives us the original meaning (and I am determined to be original or nothing) of "flatter," to rub gently with the hand, and goes on to remark—but why detain you? I have evidently misused the word—for you are in New York (heaven help you), and I am here—we are 311 miles apart, so how could you "rub me gently" (or otherwise) at that distance? I must then explain, having promised to contribute (and I am sorry I did), why I am flat——, no, why my conceit was gratified—why my vanity was tick——. There, here is another dilem—— but I will look at my dictionary—oh, dear; I find Mr. Webster more provident of the alphabet than I would have been, for I would have thrown in an extra letter in *my* "ticklish." I would, however, have equalized things by leaving out one of the m's in my dilemma. Just here I will digress, and request that you, MR. MIRROR, will overlook this contribution, and with *your* quill and dictionary, do the drudgery, part of which is to correct my grammar in its various departments; my orthography is dyspeptic, and I have a—but please overlook. I have often remarked, while reading extracts from some poor devil's contributions (unwilling, perhaps), the literary sharp ejaculates "sic." I presume this is to relieve himself of the responsibility of any error or vulgarity of expression. Please don't make me "sic," so overlook—but what has this to do with "flattery"—I mean "ticklish"—is it the "proper caper," Mr. Editor, to employ the "—s" so often? I like to do it; it gives a fellow a kind of professional air; that is, he writes as if he knew what he was writing about, and that is the best way, of course, just as it is the best way in acting—to assume a manner that would puzzle the gods to know if it were like unto theirs, or the manner of some foreign and improved deity—and before the question can be decided it becomes a tradition, and thus of course it is good.

I remember sitting in front of a theatre once witnessing a performance of Sir Giles Overreach. E. L. Davenport was the actor. By my side sat a friend (a non professional). The actor, by the manipulation of his genius, of which he was the perfect master, cold and calculating, and not as many would suppose "lost" in passion, but with the skill of a master he directed his powers towards the growing climax, carrying his audience with him by the sheer force of his method. When the grand point was reached, and the audience (not the actor) was overcome, they gave vent to their pent-up enthusiasm in prolonged "peals of applause." My friend thumped me in the ribs, and exclaimed: "Wasn't that grand? By Jove! wasn't that grand?"

The thump aroused me from a reverie of admiration for the masterly skill I had seen employed, as well as for the presence of the genius I knew; instantly came to my thought, did my friend see it as I did? "What did he say?" asked I. "Well," quoth my friend in a pitiful tone, "did you miss that?" "No," I replied, "but I did not quite catch what he said—did you?" "No; I don't know what he said, but it was immense!" Truly, thought I, ours is the "show business"—but I did not mean to tell any long story; excuse me—I was telling you of a peculiar sensation your request caused. Truth to say it found a shallow spot in the ocean of my conceit; it took no length to plumb it; in fact, it could have been sounded with a tack. Like the rest of the world, except editors, critics, and contributors, I presume I feel more than I know, and your request appealed to feeling-fellow, so, thought he, here is a chance to write for a paper—and solicited as well. Surely an editor could not mistake; he knows. Gush, then; gush in ink; ventilate your wisdom. Please note, this is what the feeling fool thought. The other one, who is condemned to assist in forming the duality of which I am composed, resists this sort of silly and conceited reasoning, but finds it impossible to control his mate (?), and hereby disclaims responsibility for more than his share; yet, as he promised, I must, and so here I am contributing perhaps to your waste-basket.

I don't care. Every fool should lick the slime from the call of his folly, only I will be personally grateful if you will overlook my "contribution," and make corrections in grammar, etc. Particularly note misplaced capitals. Did you ever notice that some of us never quit commencing capitalizing, and how sillily we betray in this peculiar one our general characteristics? The trouble is we are bad architects, or rather we are not architects at all. With us the "rejected stone" has no significance, practically. We put "bay windows" at the kitchen, "bulls-eyes" in the cellar, capitals everywhere. Perhaps we know better, but the habit is supreme, and so we use these symbols of importance where there is nothing to import. But you asked me to contribute, MR. MIRROR, and the responsibility must be with you. I am aware all this is not what you require in a contribution. I remember Walt Whitman devotes a page or two to demonstrate a theory, and then a few lines to demolish it, satisfying himself with "Ah! do I contradict myself? Very well; I contradict myself; I am full of possibilities." Heap of wisdom in that admission—kind of evolution of mind; all the better for it; two thoughts are better than one—if one is wrong. Jean Paul Richter says: "End there is none—also is there no beginning," a belief you will entertain if I do not bring this disconnection to a connected finis. But I hate connections; they are too like the average, which means "rut," and when we once permit a rut to run us we dispense with just so much of our precious selves to lend support to hinges—connections.

But I must stop this rambling and begin. You kindly asked me to contribute to a "MIDSUMMER NUMBER" OF THE MIRROR.—What is it, and has the season of the year anything to do with it, or with the quality of my desired "contribution?" Doubtless, yes; for I was never asked to do this for a midwinter number. Then what is it? I ask again. You should have explained this, my dear sir, for I do not know—Stop! "I do not know" is bad; I should not have admitted that; it is letting one's self down. I should pretend to know and "go ahead," (you see Davy Crockett will creep in here as I dare say it will all through my "standard" move next season), hiding my ignorance behind large assumption. That line sounds big; I don't know whether it is my own or not; It sounds better than I know. Perhaps it is one of my feeling lines. Never mind; accuse me of plagarism, but let it go; it will do for a midsummer line.

Oh dear; I don't remember anything about the circumstances of my birth, but I suppose being born for the first time is not unlike "contributing" for the first time, only easier, which makes me think there are as many useless and purposeless "borns" as there are useless "contributors." Oh, the courage of ignorance! Oh, the rush of fools! Behold! we are numerous; that saves us in numbers; individuals are lost. The voice of the mob is the voice—beg pardon, I forgot—*Vox populi vox Dei*. (Please observe my Latin, and correct it if bad.) Rather than adorn this little finite mass with the face of grace, humility, and make humble ackowledgment of emptiness, we essay to "tell," to "write," to "contribute," fortifying the stopping-place of our mental littleness, while through every crack and cranny from behind one within is seen the wise look of a fool. "Man know thyself!" Not much—for never and never, amen! The thing has gone wrong so long, like Boston's crooked streets, it would cost too much to make the attraction now, and the change would produce a panic. There would be such a collapse in the stock market of conceit we would fail to recognize the planet we inhabit; it would seem a new world; we would be another race of beings; we could never discover in ourselves the frauds we once were, and no more recognize in the new order of things something of the old (the now) than we can see the exact size of the house-fly on the surface of the now visible comet. We are the outcome of conceit, and by a series of God like blunders we accomplish much which is no more our own than are the shapes we give the "figures in the fire," or the meaningless clouds that float above our heads. Like them our thoughts roll and tumble into a general fitness, forming an agreeble kind of irregular regularity.

But what am I writing? MR. MIRROR, I resign. Please take notice, I do not contribute. This is not a contribution. My excuse is, I am very busy. I am having built in front of my place a stone wall. I have been doing this for some time past. I like to spend part of each Summer watching it grow. I am promised a view of it completed this Fall. I had the same promise three Falls ago—not by the same builder, however, and this may make a difference. The habit of contemplating its rise has become so confirmed that I fear it is essential to my Summer happiness, and I am seriously concerned about the future should it be finished—but I will not borrow trouble. Day by day, in my study of the characters I am to assume this season, I find my mind growing puckered over some subtle conjecture in form of a conception; I read, re-read, paraphrase, hold at arms' length, examine with a powerful glass, shut my eyes, offer my devotest supplication to the divine bard, I go back to the "conventional, yield (almost)—cast aside my book—and go to my wall, take a look, and lo! every wrinkle disappears from my brain and the light of truth is cast on the hitherto obscure problem—Shakespeare is benefitted, so am I. I'll go to the wall now, that you may be benefitted as well.

Yours, in Midsummer,
FRANK MAYO.

The Glamour of the Stage.

BY MARY FISKE.

I honestly believe that terrible leading man who, at the invitation of Hamlet, visited Elsinore, had his female admirers, and perhaps a tender missive from the girl of the period rested in his hanging pocket while he gurgled and champed through the first performance of the "Rat Trap." At all events, whatever the actor of ancient days might have been in the estimation of "ye ladye fayre," he is to-day the recipient of more undisguised admiration and more gushing epistolary labor than the ordinary mortal can believe.

If the girls only knew—would they do it? If they only knew that the object of their pursuit is almost always a married man, and his wife amuses herself with their productions; if they only knew with what a wearied, persecuted air their missives are received, and consigned to pockets unread to await their turn; if they only knew in what terms of derision the writers of such letters are mentioned—would they do it?

I suppose they would. The woman who was deeply touched by the golden bang of Rignold's wig, who lived on the curl of Lester's brigandish moustache, who fed her hungry soul on the unhealthy pallor of poor Montague's clerk-like countenance, has been going into inky ecstacies over Osmond Tearle's legs, and deluging that amiable young man with affectionate notes; and she will go on falling in love with the "juvenile lead" till the end of the chapter.

A great many years ago one of the brightest ornaments of the New York stage was a handsome young man, dashing, graceful and really fascinating. In those days the pigeon-hole marked "B," at the back door of the theatre, got full to bursting with school-girl love-letters, to which, from custom and contempt, the young actor was indifferent. Among those letters one season, the gentleman got daily a little pink note signed "Adele."

Adele's character was read as plainly in those little notes as one reads that of Biddy in her certificate when she applies for the place of cook. She set forth her condition, qualifications and experiences. She was a school girl, an only and petted child. She was utterly ignorant, although just "finishing" at a prominent female academy. She had fortune and friends—the fresh spring morning of her life was fragrant with its flowers and vocal with its birds, but across that morning sky there shot the little cloud "as large as a man's hand," that breaks into tempest before the sunset. Adele went to theatres. In "Captain" this and "young" that, she beheld the conquering hero, and the pink notes fell thick and fast into pigeon-hole "B" at Wallack's old theatre down by Broome street. She told him how she was "cherishing an idol;" how before its shrine her heart was on its knees and her soul bowed night and day. The satiated actor destroyed the first batch of letters half read, but one day a passing sentence enlisted his attention, and as he scattered the note in paper dice along Broadway, he said to himself: "Poor child. She's worth waking up."

The way the average actor "wakes up," adoring woman, is not the sort of subject treated in these columns. But this gentleman, at this period of affairs, for the first time wrote to Mlle. Adele. The pink note builder walked on thrones when the few words from that precious presider over her heart's affairs reached her.

An appointment! How many women, as they read the words, let their memories fly off to that roseate day, crowned by the fulfilment of some such sentence as—"Half-past seven, north side," and Adele, æt. 48 this July, *passe* and pious, feels an interior flush crimson the first layer of her cuticle as she recalls the hour when dear ——'s first, last and only note reached her girlish fingers.

It was evening in the first days of Autumn when Adele stole out from the security of home, her heart beating with her sweet romance and delightful expectancy, to meet this Thespian Adonis. It lies not in my ink to shadow forth the ineffable delight of the first words, the first clasp of the loved hand, the first glance of the loved eyes, that had always been shared before by Tom Baker and the dress circle. Adele had her Wallackian hero all to herself. She was ready to follow the steps of the *object* through the darkest walk in life, for the girl was thoroughly, madly in love with the man whose arm she took at "half past seven, north side," just thirty years ago.

There was a *petit souper* at a fashionable restaurant (Maillard's, then down near Bleecker street on Broadway), and then Adele's hero took her for a walk down Broadway—way, way down—where, under overspreading trees, far back from the street, stood a sombre building. Before the iron gates the gentleman paused, and addressed the little foolish girl clinging to his arm.

"I have seen enough of you to-night, my charming friend, to wish, if I can, to do you a great service. In this house is a person I desire you to know. Will you enter?"

Adele would have made an affirmative answer if they had paused at the mouth of a cannon. Therefore, in a few moments more, she found herself in a small, sparsely-furnished room, beside a narrow bed, on which lay a woman near her death with consumption. The visit was evidently expected, for as Mr. —— withdrew, the naked hand of the invalid motioned Adele to a seat beside her, and a hollow voice said:

"My dear girl, the gentleman who brought you here desires I should tell you my story. All the care and nursing my last days receive, I owe to his generosity, and, painful as it is to go over my sad past, step by step, it is a small return for all his kindness."

And then the sick woman, with the grim lines of disease and the shadow of the great change resting on her white face, told that startled girl her life's history—a history identical with her own up to this point in the listener's career. There was the happy home, the guiding relations, the solicitous friends, health, youth and beauty, the romantic passion for a popular actor, the clandestine correspondence, and the meeting—culminating far differently from Adele's girlish adventure. The sad history was one of trust on one side, betrayal on the other, of broken ties, a forsaken fate and blighted life. Adele's tears flowed fast as the dying woman pictured the lost home, the wretched consequences of a foolish infatuation, and the final scenes in her unhappy experience. The young girl realized the fate she was escaping as this poor creature's career was unfolded in trembling hands before her.

The sad story was ended, and before its closing Mr. ——, in company with a doctor belonging to the hospital, entered (for it was in the old New York Hospital Adele had passed this eventful hour). The young girl stooped and kissed the poor lips which had done her such a service, as the interview closed, and left the building a different creature.

She was very pale and terribly agitated when, at her own door—far safer than when she left it—the actor asked her to forgive the painful lesson of the evening, and modestly said he was afraid few men thought of the young girls who sought them as he did, "with kindness and saving pity."

Adele was a prosperous wife and mother within the next few years, and named her first child after the gentleman who had proved so good a friend.

An acquaintance asked her the other day, when this same boy was married and the marriage published:

"I never knew your John had a middle name—what's the B. for?"

And the mother wiped her eyes as she answered—

"I named him after that dear dead actor and kind Christian gentleman, JOHN BROUGHAM."

A Mit-Summer Shdory.

Of der many boor dot suffered,
In der pleak cold Shbring vent by,
can'd found a drace of a sadder case
Dan dot of boor Barbara Shley.
f four big ungles ven May dot had glosed,
Efry plame von he vas dead;
nd efry von said: "Miss Shley vill be rich
Ven der vills vas made oben und read!"

For dem ungles, dem all, efry von,
Dem vas richer as dot kin be,
Und dem don'd got a friend, or a shick, or a shild,
In here or in Germany.
So efry von dinked, like a madder of course,
Now dot dem ungles vas dead,
Miss Shley vill be rich like a son of a gun,
Ven der vills vas made oben und read.

"Ungle Jake" vas der firsd to got shleeby,
He vas kigged on der head by a mool;
He jusd lied on his side, gif a grund, und den died,
Und Barbara gried like a fool.
Yes, she gried like a fool four nighds und fife days,
Jusd cause "Uncle Jakey" vas dead;
Und efryvon said: "Miss Shley vill be rich
Ven der vill vas made oben und read!"

"Ungle Pede" vas der nexd to pass in his shecks,
'Cause he falled off der dob of a house;
Und ven dey rushed down vere he vas on der ground,
Dey found him so shdill like a mouse.
So der beeples durned out, from all round aboud,
To his fooneral so soon he vas dead;
Und efryvon said: "Voon'd Miss Shley be rich,
Ven dwo vills vas made oben und read!"

Der dird von to vent was boor Simon—
A lager bier prewer vas he;
His horse runned avay like der deffil von day,
So he vas blayed oud "nummer dree."
His blace vas glosed ub mit some grabe on der door,
Dot somevon kin knew he vas dead;
Und beebles all said: "Voon'd Miss Shley be rich,
Ven dree vills vas made oben und read!"

Der older of all, "Ungle Gris" vas his name,
Vas der oney von leafed of der four;
Bud, shdrange to relade, he vas bringed home in shdade,
Von nighd, on a big cellar door.
He vas shdapped mit a bisdol, by who no von knowed,
Und he don'd cood dold—he vas dead.
"She'll be rich like 'Olt Ganderbilk,'" efry von said,
"Ven four vills vas made oben und read!"

Der foonerals vas done, und leedle Miss Shley
Of lovers did had boud four-shcore;
Dem vas dicker like flies ven der Summer-dime cames—
Boud ninedy, I dink, less or more.
Dem shdared in her face, und rushed in der blace,
Dem vorried Miss Shley mosd all dead—
She cood hafe got married boud dwendy-dree dimes
Pefore dem plame vills dem vas read.

Dere vas budchers und bakers, und leedle shoemakers,
Und lawyers und docdors so pold—
Yes, der son-of-a guns—und nine gendlemen's sons,
Und a lod more, some young und some old.
Dem all hard did dry for to von boor Miss Shley,
Now dot her ungles vas dead:
"She's all righd, you kin bet, und der money she'll get
"Ven der vills vas made oben und read."

Dey did foughd mit demselfs und kig ub a row
Venefer dey habbened to meet,
Und dey efry von rushed for leedle Miss Shley
Venefer she vent on der shdreet.
Dey crowled und dey howled, und dold all kind of dings,
Dill her senses dem mosd all vas fled,
Und she vished dot der day dot nefer vood came
For dem vills to been obened und read.

Vell, der day comed ad lasd, und der sitevalk vas plack
Mit beebles, und all round der door
Der lovers vas dick, echsecky like flies—
Bud I bleef I did said dot pefore.
Dem lawyers dem sat, some din und some fat,
So solemn just like dem vas dead,
Und all of der growd kebd quied und loud,
For dem vills to been obened und read.

Dere vas four shdacks of bapers, so big und so shdoud,
All tied ub mit red dape und dings,
Und nine or fife lawyers, so shmiling like—vell,
A shmall leedle owl ven he sings.
Dey vispered und crinned, und gackled und shinned—
Und von, mit a awful big head,
Said: "Kind friends, ve are here, on dis day brighd und glear,
"To heard dem vills obened und read."

He sod down mit a bop—you kin heard a house drop,
Der blace vas so quied und full;
Den anudder von rose, mit a bile on his nose,
Und a woice like a den year old bull.
Der bapers he seized, hummed vonce, dwice, und shneezed,
Den dore off der shoeshdrings und tread,
Und obened der vills, jusd like dem vas pills,
Gleared his droat und gommenced for to read.

"Nummer von!"—dot vas "Jake's;"
Dem all shdrained deir eyes und deir ears:
Der baper vas plank—"Ungle Jake" vas a grank,
He don'd lefd a cend dot abbears.
"Nummer Dwo," "Nummer Dree," und den "Nummer Four."—
Nod a dollar, nod nary a red;
Der sum vas shmall dot dem lawyers dook all,
Und Miss Shley she did faind away dead.

I hafe heeru boud horses a running avay;
I'fe been dold boud der vinds gidding loose;
But to dry und deshcripe der shdambede of dot growd,
So, hellub me Bop, dot's no use!
Dey busded und run, und dey dried efry von
To be firsd on der sitevalk ahead.
Dree men in der grash got shmashed indo hash
On cound of dem vills being read.

So soon ven der growd vas all shcaddered avay,
Der goroner come, und he sat
On dree men und a shild (I'm drawing dot mild),
Dwo boods, und a shoe und a hat.
Der jewry looked vise, rupped deir noses und eyes,
Den der foreman got ub und he said:
"Ve find, in our mind, dot dese beeples vas blind,
For to vent vere dem vills dem vas read."

To made a shord shdory long (dis vasn'd a song),
You voodn't been sorry to heard
Dot leedle Miss Shley, she vas dead wery nigh,
Bud habby she's now like a bird.
Yes, she vas dooken ill, bud vas gured mit a pill,
Und she married her shdeb-cousin Fred;
Und she nefer don'd vand to been round any more
Ven some vills vas made ober und read.

Dere vas many shdrange dings in dis gruel vide vorld,
Und dem habbens in dwo or dree days;
Und of gourse ye all know, dot's so vedder or no—
Yes, no madder vat anyvon says.
Vell, Miss Shley she got dwins der very firsd year
She got shbliced mit her shdeb-cousin Fred,
Und deir hair dot vas bink und (so says Doc-dor Fink)
"D'vas on cound of dem vills being read."

—Oofty Goofy.

A Jolly Good Fellow.

BY HARRY M. PITT.

I cannot call him a model hero. I doubt whether his existence was a benefit to the nineteenth century, but where good and bad, inborn gentility and perverted habits, high-cultured education and inhibited vices are so strongly comingled, it is difficult for the unprejudiced mind to detect the errors, or remedy the evils that lay waste what might have been a serviceable mortal and an ornament to society.

Bob Bassett (for that was my hero's name) possessed every advantage necessary to place him in a prosperous position in life. His mother, a well-known actress, whose artistic attainments and personal virtues commanded the attention of the British aristocracy, died when Bob was quite an infant; so at an early age, he became the *protege* of a wealthy and benevolent lady whose social position enabled him to enter a circle, the envy of the less fortunate and the pride of his benefactress and her nearest associates. By sheer hard work and amiability of temper he gained the respect and love of those connected with his youthful training, until at last the sapling so carefully reared and matured brought forth fruit, and at the age of twenty-one, Master Bob Bassett was privileged to write B. A. after his name, with the assistance of a fortune second to none in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to aid him in his future career.

He was not handsome—a tall figure, but irregular, with intelligent but not classic features. His eyes were dull but not stupid, and he used an eyeglass, not from any affectation, but pure necessity. In conversation his tone was self-reliant and almost dictatorial, but his clear and resonant voice, the scholarly command of language, the nonchalance of style and an indescribable fascination of manner, gained for him respect where others equally gifted in education failed to command it. To all appearances the world was at his feet; the ball stood at the foot of the inclined plank. Master Bob was the pioneer of its fate. Was it to fall and leave him on the waste? We shall see.

Some two years after Bob's successfully graduating I was passing along the principal street of Preston, in Lancashire, when a man known to myself and my hero accosted me, and after numerous inquiries, such as, "What are you doing here?" "Where do you live?" etc., etc., (some people never consider these questions as impertinent), went straight for a leading question:

"Seen anything of Bob Bassett?"

I confessed I had not.

"Nor heard of him?

I had not.

"Then you don't know the news?"

"I have been absent from London for two years and have no regular correspondent."

"Oh, lor! there's been an awful shine. You know the old lady always intended Bob for the Church. Bob tried it, but it didn't agree with him. What could you expect? The old war horse was strong within him, and Bob has gone on the stage."

"You surprise me. Where is he?" I asked.

"In Liverpool, at the Corinthian."

"I shall see him next week. I am engaged by Bartlett to produce his own drama at the Corinthian. Good bye." And hastening down a side street I turned into the Park to have a good think over my old friend and his prospects.

So Master Bob, with all his advantages, had kicked over the traces and started in the world to follow his own inclinations. It was just like him. I own an inward satisfaction that he had adopted the stage for a living. For the sake of his benefactor and himself, I should have preferred that the plans originally laid down had been carried out, for, as a clergyman, Bob would have won distinction. However, he had framed his own life. I only hoped he would be successful with the picture.

Our season terminated at Preston, and faithful to my engagement I arrrived at Liverpool on Sunday, prior to the rehearsal on Monday morning. I was anxious to hear from those associated with him how Bob had progressed in his profession. I knew where I should gain the best information, and before I could realize I was in another town I found myself side by side with an acquaintance who could render me all the news I required.

"Bob Bassett! Oh, yes! He's here. Don't come to the Honeycomb now. I fancy he's been going it a little too strong there."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, when Bob came down here, I fancy he'd been a bit of a swell, and he kept it up. Champagne in the morning, wines to dinner; all that sort of thing, you know. He ran up a pretty good score, and now the game's up there, and they won't trust him any more."

"But surely he can pay for that out of his income," I remarked.

"I don't think he has any income beyond his salary. I heard him say his allowance was stopped. He's very close, though, and never refers to his people or where he came from. He's devilish clever, though, and, above all, he's a jolly good fellow, and takes very kindly to his beer, now the champagne's run out."

These few words told me as much as I required to know. The thoroughbred had broken down under the heavy penalty his own ambition had placed on his back.

Alone in my rooms that night, I sat for some time, devising schemes to pull Bob round to his former self. "A jolly good fellow!" I knew what that meant, alas! But Monday morning would come. I should see Bob and judge for myself.

At 11 A. M. I was at my post. There was the prompter as usual at his table in front of the stage with his solitary T piece of gas, scraps of paper, pen and ink and squalid grandeur; his attendant slave, the call-boy, watching his every movement.

I was introduced to the operatives, discussed all requisites of the play, and in due course to the various members of the company.

Time was up.

"Beginners, please!" yelled the call-boy; "Mr. Bassett and Mr. Fulford."

Mr. Fulford appeared, but Mr. Bassett was absent.

"Late, as usual," sighed the prompter.

"Yes, sir," echoed the call-boy.

A few minutes' wait—a little buzz of laughter, and in walked Bob, beaming, but—threadbare.

"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, raising his hat—"overslept myself"—then, turning to me: "What old man, you here!"

As rehearsal progressed I had an opportunity of surveying my old acquaintance. There was the same tone in the voice, the same commanding air, and the eye-glasses, but, alas, his attire. To say he was shabby does not convey any idea of his personal appearance. He was ragged — absolutely ragged—but withal, a gentleman. The hat, weatherbeaten and discolored, was carefully brushed; the boots, down at heel, cracked and jagged, had been polished to their utmost capacity; his linen, frayed at the wristbands and collar, and somewhat enlarged at the buttonholes, was spotless, and his hands were incased in what had been Dent's best. There he stood, a monumental relict of May Fair patched up by the Kennington Park Road.

I was not long in discovering that the company regarded Bob as a superior being, despite his peculiarities. He made his presence felt. Although occupying an humble position in the cast of our play (a not very easy one on an Italian subject), his advice was sought on various customs and intricate pronunciation. To all inquiries Bob replied with a readiness and knowledge that astonished even those conversant with the words, and his suggestions, given with moderation and backed by authority, were invaluable. I felt, as I had when we met in previous years, I was his inferior. But—what was all this mystery? Why this dilapidated appearance? I knew his salary could not be large, but it was sufficient to keep him in better plight than this. I did not remain long in doubt.

Rehearsal over, I suggested a stroll round the town, and a call or two on some acquaintances I formed during my previous visits to Liverpool; but linking his arm in mine, in a sad tone, accompanied by a forced laugh, he said: "Not like this, old fellow; let us turn in here."

A single glance was sufficient to convey to me what HERE meant. Here rested the secret of Bob's appearance. Here was the birthplace, the home, the castle of the "jolly good fellow."

In a room reeking with tobacco smoke and alcoholic drinks, Bob reigned supreme. I do not say he was a drunkard—far from it; but this place, frequented by literary hacks, so-called actors and dead beats, was Bob's kingdom, and in it he ruled. He joined in the mirth, met grief with grief, awed the facetious, and fascinated the curious. As we entered, a roar of satisfaction greeted Bob, and a respectful silence, myself. After introductions and general greetings had subsided, and the glasses carefully emptied by their respective owners *pro tem.*, I discovered the secret of Bob's popularity. Everybody must drink with him, and everybody did. He was a "jolly good fellow." I determined he should leave this place with me, and at my leisure I contemplated Bob's new found and so called friends. What a motley group! And but two years ago this man had society at his feet. I felt ashamed of him. Having expended all his available cash, he consented to dine with me at my rooms.

After dinner, our conversation turned to professional topics. I was anxious to elicit from him something relative to his departure from London, but as he never broached the subject, I felt it would be an impertinence on my part to do so, and it was not until we shook hands at his door that he even referred to it, and then only in these words: "It's hard lines, old fellow, to be reared to eat out of a golden spoon, and find yourself, before half your life is over, with only a wooden ladle." How far Mr. Bob had merited this, I leave my readers to judge.

Four days rolled on, and Bob made my rooms his home. He did it with an ease that displaced me, and compelled me to look upon myself as the guest and him the host. Friday being a day for study, I determined on a visit to Sheffield, for many years the home of my parents. I left instructions with the landlady for Mr. Bassett's convenience, and when I should return.

Saturday was fixed for the final rehearsal, when author, manager and privileged friends would be present to praise or admire, as the work deserved. So on Saturday I returned in time to call at my rooms for letters, and proceed to the theatre. I noticed my apartments appeared somewhat in disorder, but being pressed for time I could not inquire the reason.

When I arrived at the theatre everything was in readiness, and my author present.

"Opening music, please! All stand by for the first act."

Ding.

Up goes the curtain.

A charming scene, admirably set! Enter Bob and Mr. Fulford.

"By jove! Bob's going to reform," I exclaimed mentally, as my hero in a new suit, hat, boots, gloves and necktie, strolled on to the stage. Every line was spoken with "emphasis and discretion," and I did not fail to bring all Bob's good points prominently before the eyes of the delighted author.

First act over and we hastened behind the scenes to congratulate those who had so generously worked to produce what was so far (and subsequently proved to be) a success. After encountering many and praising all, we found Bob in a corner—the admired of all admirers. I seized him by the hand and shook it warmly. I was delighted to think my old friend was himself once again. I thought he looked at me dubiously, but I was so accustomed to the magnetic influence of that eyeglass, in the excitement of the moment I passed scathelessly under its effect. Second act over. Third over and all right. Bob splendid in all. In the fourth act he had to take off his coat to fight a duel. The suspenders! Majenta with a grey scroll work on them! I was convinced I had seen those before.

A few passionate speeches, a duel, and play was over. The drama was to be launched on Monday. The author was satisfied—the manager ditto—and the employes and artists concerned in the production on good terms with themselves. I felt my labors had been crowned with success, but the curiosity of my nature still compelled my mind to wander to those suspenders and Master Bob. At last, unable to contain my pent-up feelings, I determined to seek out my hero, and if necessary prosecute inquiries. I found him in the hall of the theatre, laughing, joking, and evidently the lion of the situation. I stood for a few moments eyeing him carefully. Seeing my embarrassment, he came to my relief.

"I know what your gazing at—my rig out. Neat isn't it?"

I thought so.

"Lucky you brought them with you."

"What!" I ejaculated.

"I know you felt a little ashamed of me when we first met," he continued with utmost cooiness, "I likewise knew you would have to introduce me to the author, so, during your absence in Sheffield, I called at your rooms and made a complete change."

He had. A complete change—the visible and the invisible alike. Bob Bassett as he stood was Bob Bassett in the flesh only—literally in the flesh.

My first impulse was to order him to my rooms, and divest him of his outward self; but finding the laugh so decidedly against me, I could only join with a poor heart in the general cachination. Bob saw this, and drawing me aside said, with one of the old smiles which gained for him the love of those whose society he should have cherished, "I know it is rough on you, old fellow, but if it does me good, and I think it will do me good—I will do the same by you some day." I felt every word came from his heart, so I replied, "All right, Bob, old fellow; do your best on Monday."

He did his best and succeeded. I left Liverpool some days afterwards, and in my next letter I heard he was playing second business, and still a "jolly good fellow."

For some time time I heard no more of Mr. Bob, or his progress, until one day, to my astonishment, I saw his Metropolitan debut announced in a leading role in one o Shakespeare's plays. I learned that his friends, encouraged by his Provincial success, had arranged this appearance for him, I could not stay to witness the performance, but received information that he failed, and was again an the downward course. At length I heard from him. A long, chatty, letter, in the old off-hand vein, concluding with the startling piece of information, that he was going to marry and reform. I wrote him several letters, and received replies; always hopeful and full of promise.

On my return to London a communication awaited me, that my services, if available, would be acceptable at an old-established theatre in the metropolis. It was the usual managerial letter, full of hints and cautions, all purporting to be to my advantage. I accepted the offer, and made it my duty on entering the theatre to ascertain who had been my friend at court. It was Bob. He was engaged, and hearing of this, thought of me. He was just the same "jolly good fellow," but so changed that I hardly knew him. The reaper was at work, I could see, and Bob was to be of the harvest. His little wife, by dint of hard work and persuasion, was trying to keep him from outside temptation, and implored my aid. For a time all went well, but the work of years could not be eradicated in a season, and he sank rapidly.

I was sitting in my office in the theatre when a letter arrived informing me that Bob could not act that evening, and asking me to see him. I found his wife pale and cast down. Bob was very bad. I could see there was little or no hope. The doctor shook his head. The nurse sighed, while the man whose soul wavered between this and the eternal, smiled as I entered, and muttered: "Old fellow, I think you will have the suit of clothes soon. They're not as good as yours, but they'll last me my lifetime."

My story is told. That night, as the curtain ascended on the mimic scene for which Bob Bassett had sacrificed so much, and had ennobled so little, it descended on one whose mistaken and irresolute life let us judge with leniency, and temper our judgment with regret.

As I passed on my way to the theatre I countered one of his old associates.

"How's Bob to-night?" he inquired.

"Dead, I am sorry to say."

"Dear me! well, he was a jolly good fellow."

—Bertha Welby, a thoroughly first-class artist, is engaged next season for leading business in Only a Farmer's Daughter. She has held the same position with Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, and other prominent stars, to their entire satisfaction and that of the public. She is passing the Summer among the Catskills.

—Gertie Granville requests the statement made that she resigned from Curtis' Sam of Posen company at the suggestion of he physician. A rest is necessary for her b fore the opening of next season.

—Anthony and Ellis have imported a Siberian bloodhounds, the heaviest weighing 230 lbs., and the lightest 170 lbs. The animals will be used in the production Uncle Tom's Cabin, and will create a sen tion.

Woman's "Forever."

(A COMEDETTA IN ONE ACT.)

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Col. ARTHUR LAURENCE, U. S. A., on leave of absence.
Miss NANNIE HOLLISTER.

SCENE.—*Private Parlor No. 7 Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga Springs. Time—the present.*

NANNIE. (*Discovered.*) To think that I have not seen Arthur since day before yesterday, and he has the cruelty to be five minutes later than he ought to be; never mind, he shall pay for it—indeed he shall!—five minutes late (*looks at clock*), it is actually six minutes now! I suppose he is stopping to chat with Mrs. Cornell Brown, odious little thing—no doubt, no doubt; Mrs. Cornell Brown—six minutes late! no, positively seven now—this is too much—(*a footstep heard without*). There he comes! the dear old fellow! but he is seven minutes and a quarter behind time, and must be made to realize his shortcomings. (*Enter Col. L., R. C.*)

COL. L. My darling!

NANNIE. (*At mirror, L.*) Oh! Why, Col. Laurence, is that you? how you startled me: good evening; I did not dream of its being you.

COL. L. Of course it is I; whom else did you expect it to be?

NANNIE. Why—it might have been—anyone!

COL. L. As a mere matter of speculation, Nannie, I should like to know if you are in the least glad to see me?

NANNIE. Delighted, I'm sure. But I had quite given you up; don't you hear the music? (*Music without.*) The concert must have begun long ago, and you know there is nothing I despise so much as to be late at an entertainment!

COL. L. My dear little girl, I only arrived half an hour ago—the train was late—I took a cup of coffee, made my toilet—and, but how absurd! you surely know that I am considerably more impatient to see my little girl than she could possibly have been to see me!

NANNIE. Charming! Well, let us go; I am so opposed to disturbing an audience.

COL. L. Why, dear, it was only last week that you told me it was against your principles to be early at a place.

NANNIE. Arthur, you have a wretched memory; I am sure I never could have said any such ill-bred thing!

COL. L. It is your memory that is "wretched," dear, isn't it?

NANNIE. Certainly not. I don't believe you, sir. I know what a "wretched memory" is.

COL. L. (*Drawing nearer.*) Supposing my darling enlightens me, then?

NANNIE. It is recollecting things that the other person does not—that is a "wretched memory!"

COL. L. Ah—I see.

NANNIE. Come, I am quite at your disposal.

COL. L. Are you? Kiss me, then.

NANNIE. Kiss you! No, sir.

COL. L. But, dear, why not? Aren't you my own little sweetheart? Haven't you given yourself to me? Haven't I been away from you two whole days?—Surely I have a right to—my own.

NANNIE. (*Withdrawing.*) Nothing of the kind. I have turned over a new leaf. I—(*Turning toward table and smelling large gaudy basket of flowers.*)

COL. L. You what, sweetheart? (*Noticing flowers.*) Nannie, who sent you those flowers? Ah, I see, duly ticketed "Compliments of Major Algernon William Grant." It was hardly necessary for me to ask. No one else has quite such execrable taste in the whole town of Saratoga!

NANNIE. Indeed! is that your opinion?

COL. L. Yes, to be sure; isn't it yours, too?

NANNIE. No, mine is diametrically the opposite; I think Major Grant's taste simply—exquisite!

COL. L. All the colors of the rainbow!—it may be exquisite—but not "simply" so—assuredly. By Jove! the idea of a man whose wife has not been under ground four months flying round at watering-places after other women.

NANNIE. Major Grant's wife is not "under ground."

COL. L. What! Not—

NANNIE. No; she is buried in a vault. He told me so; and he is not "flying round," as you elegantly express it, "after *other* women," that I happen to know—but he has—been—very—kind and attentive to *me*, especially during my—my—foretaste of widowhood!—of the past two days. (*Fans herself violently.*)

COL. L. I have not the slightest doubt of it; and no doubt, no doubt whatever, this person of "exquisite taste" (*eyes flowers*) has—made love to you?

NANNIE. (*At mirror, L.*) I really have not the smallest notion of what you are talking about, Arthur.

COL. L. (*Going to her.*) My little love—my little love—*Soyous amis*! Kiss me just once in welcome, and then let us be off—I want you to hear Marie Roze—and—

NANNIE. Marie Roze? be off? where? Oh, I recollect, we were going to a concert together, were we not? I have changed my mind—how delicious to be a woman?

COL. L. I thought all women wanted to be men?

NANNIE. An absurd mistake on your part. I wouldn't be one for the whole world.

COL. L. Why not?

NANNIE. Oh, only because then I should be deprived of all the flattering attentions which in my present capacity and sex I receive from yours. (*Courtises.*)

COL. L. Ah! You refuse to go with me, then?

NANNIE. Emphatically.

COL. L. (*Paces floor.*) Nannie, what has that fellow—that Grant—dared to say to you? He hasn't—

NANNIE. (*Nodding.*) But he has.

COL. L. What?

NANNIE. I'm sure I'm not sufficiently clever to divine your thoughts.

COL. L. But—but you said that "he had—"

NANNIE. Exactly.

COL. L. What does that conceited jackanapes know of love, anyway? Nannie, don't be too hard on a fellow—you know only too well how I love you. (*Kisses her hands.*)

NANNIE. (*Rises.*) Stop at once! Colonel Lawrence, kisses are catastrophies that should only occur after the wedding ceremony has been performed, you will please to remember—and as to "love," that much-abused word should never fall from unmarried lips! I told you some time ago that I had turned over a new leaf. (*Crosses, L.*)

COL. L. I should think you had! But you calmly announce that Grant has uttered the word "love" to you?

NANNIE. It seems to *me* that you were the individual to make that statement!

COL. L. You certainly did not contradict it?

NANNIE. I am too polite to contradict my elders.

COL. L. I thought "love" was only to be mentioned after marriage?

NANNIE. (*Fans herself slowly.*) I believe—Major Grant has been married.

COL. L. Yes—the scoundrel! and only laid his wife in the grave—vault, then—four months ago! He professed to worship her, too!

NANNIE. I am glad to hear it. When a man has worshipped his first wife, loses her, comes to Saratoga to assuage his grief, I am always positive that he will idolize and revere his second wife, in exact proportion to his inability to remain for one single hour away from the side of some member of that sex of which his—preparatory—partner was an honored and superior—er—scion!

COL. L. Nannie, I will stand this no longer!

NANNIE. I beg your pardon. Pray be seated.

COL. L. (*Frantically.*) Do not make me frantic!

NANNIE. I see no necessity for it, unless upon the homeopathic principle—*similiar, etc.*

COL. L. Do you mean to tell me that that Grant has been here spending his entire time with you ever since I left?

NANNIE. Oh, no—

COL. L. (*Interrupts.*) Ah, my darling, I thought—

NANNIE. (*Interrupts.*) I don't mean to tell you—anything at all about it!

COL. L. What a fool I am!

NANNIE. I really think that when you go to New York for the purpose—of—purchasing—caramels for Mrs. Cornell Brown, that there is no reason why I should not enjoy myself as I see fit!

COL. L. "Mrs. Cornell Brown!" Why child, you know I went down on business; she asked me to get her the bon-bons—would you have had me refuse?

NANNIE. A likely story! The next thing I shall hear is, probably, that Mrs. Cornell Brown—horrid little ill-dressed object!—asked you to kiss her!

COL. L. By jove! she did.

NANNIE. Then—sir—you looked at her as you have looked at me, and begged the question, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself! The idea of telling such a thing! You are a monster! I never heard Major Grant tell such a thing in my life! (*Crosses R.*)

COL. L. Glad he has adhered to the truth in some particulars.

NANNIE. (*Crosses L.*) And there is your locket containing your false, false image; take it; give it to Mrs. Cornell Brown. And here is your ring; and I wish to have nothing more to do with you!

COL. L. (*Throws ring on floor.*) Nannie!

NANNIE. Miss Hollister, if you please, in the future, Col. Laurence.

COL. L. But Nannie—!

NANNIE. Leave me at once, and *forever*!

COL. L. (*At door C.*) Nannie, oh Nannie! (*Exit* COL. L. C.)

NANNIE (*Sinks on sofa.*) Arthur, oh Arthur! (*Faintly.*) Arthur! (*Raises head.*) He has gone. (*A long pause, with tears.*) Gone without one word of remonstrance—not one! Gone to feed that miserable Mrs. Cornell Brown with perpetual caramels. I know it! and I—I have driven him from me, for what? for whom? that idiotic Algernon William Grant! Imagine me the bride of a widower with four small children and not even a—a salt spoonful of brains. Oh, Arthur, my darling, why was I so cruel? (*Looking at empty finger.*) Man, man! do you not know that there are some women who are never quite willing to acknowledge that they love—who always go when they *can* and only stay when they *must*? (*Rises. Goes to table, looks at flowers contemptuously.*) Vulgar, gaudy things! Imagine a lover sending a basket of flowers like that! It looks more like a small Persian carpet than anything else! and fit—for—Mrs. Cornell Brown! There! (*Throws it down.*)

(*Enter* COL. L. C. *cautiously.*)

Oh, Arthur, Arthur! If I only had you back again! (*Kneels burying face in chair.*)

COL. L. (*Aside.*) The little darling! (*Aloud,*) Nannie, what are you doing?

NANNIE. (*Conceals handkerchief.*) I—I—I'm picking up these lovely flowers that Major Grant gave me.

COL. L. "Lovely flowers?" I thought they strongly resembled Persian carpeting not five minutes ago.

NANNIE. How dare you return? Eavesdropping, too!

COL. L. How dare I? Why, dear, you don't suppose that I quitted Paradise without a return ticket, do you? Beside, I did not go very far, and I heard every word that my little girl said. Now, kiss me. There! that's right!

NANNIE (*Meekly.*) Arthur, Major Grant is a wretch, isn't he?

COL. L. A hardened one.

NANNIE. And he has vile taste—hasn't he?

COL. L. Abominable—in flowers. Say, dear—(*coaxingly*)—did he made love to you?

NANNIE. (*Nodding.*) Yes. But not nicely a bit (*sighs*); he made love with this eye, and wept about her with that one; it was rather trying!

COL. L. I am glad that it was.

NANNIE. Arthur—I—I believe that Mrs. Cornell Brown asked you for the caramels!

COL. L. Bless you heart! Indeed she did; and, I forget to bring them after all!

NANNIE. (*Shyly.*) And—Arthur, I—I have no doubt but that she asked you to kiss her!

COL. L. Haven't you, darling? Why not?

NANNIE. How—could she help it? No—no—it's after eleven, and you must go—good-night, my dear.

COL. L. (*Laughing.*) "Good-night?" Why, Nannie, I thought it was good-bye—and "forever!"

NANNIE. Ah—when a woman says good-bye forever to a man, with tears in her voice, you may know that she means him to go outside; stay just ten minutes, and there come back and—

COL. L. Take possession of his own, eh? See how wise I was. And Nannie, although Grant has the advantage of me in being married, I may mention the word "love" beforehand, may I not? But I have the advantage of him in having learned from you to-night the meaning of a "Woman's Forever."

CURTAIN.

The Golden Doors.

When malice walks with giant stride;
When Slander's mouth shall open wide;
When Gossip's knots become untied;
When Memories sad, which once have died
On Envy's breath towards life shall glide;
—Then swiftly face Discretion's floor
And— close the door!

So—shall the "Golden Rule" impress
Upon thy thoughts its tenderness.
So—shall thy fellow creatures bless
Each motive in thy thoughtfulness;
So—at thy death shall Heaven's caress
Welcome thee o'er its crystal floor
While—angels ope the door.

—ANNIE WAKEMAN.

The California Bubble.

BY FRED LYSTER.

San Francisco is a bubble—a brilliant bubble, it is true, and one in which all the prismatic colors are reflected with the changeful hues of the rainbow, but a bubble nevertheless, and, like all other bubbles, liable to burst and vanish into thin air on the slightest touch of more solid bodies. For many years this particular bubble floated in an atmosphere of calm and unruffled serenity and isolation, immersed, like Buddha, in the immensity of self-contemplation, cut off from the rest of the world by pathless deserts and trackless seas, inflated by the breath of self-laudation and complacent vanity, it expanded in the ambient air of prurient prosperity, becoming daily more and more attenuated in its cuticle—more thin-skinned, in fact, and, by the laws of reflection, more and more brilliant, till at last it met an obstacle in its swelling course. One touch, and lo! the bubble burst, dissolving with the air from whence it came, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wrack behind." The pin-prick that let out the life of San Francisco was the failure and consequent death of W. C. Ralston, a wildly-speculative man, thoroughly unscrupulous, lavishly generous, and inordinately vain. To be the universal amphitezon, to lead in everything, to be first in commerce, first in art patronage, first in sensuality, first in intelligence, was the object of his existence, and, so far as his limited education and the associations of his early life permitted, he succeeded in his ambition. To the dramatic profession he was especially lavish, and the golden age of the California Theatre, and the management of Barrett and McCullough, was mainly due to the unstinting hand with which Mr. Ralston supplied the sinews of war. With his death, all this apparent prosperity came to an end. His was the breath that blew the bubble, and when that failed, collapse was the natural consequence. The California Theatre struggled on for a few weary years, but at last, yielding to fate, sank overwhelmed. Like a drowning man, it raised its head convulsively once or twice, but in vain; its buoyancy was gone, and no sustaining hand was stretched out to lift it above the waters of oblivion. Tom Maguire, "the Napoleon of the drama," as subservient critics were wont to call the other ruling manager of California theatricals, was a self-made man. He owed his inflation to his own inherent gas, and was beholden to no man. His luck was proverbial. Everything he touched, like Midas, turned to gold. His instinct, perhaps that of his wife, a wonderfully shrewd woman, was almost unerring as to the particular style of entertainment that was likely to please the very peculiar public of California, and his dramatic ventures were, for the most part, successful. But alas, he has a craze for grand Italian opera, and in that most direful of pitfalls he engulfed the money that he made in other ways. Besides this amiable weakness, Maguire cannot realize the fact that the San Francisco of to-day is not the San Francisco of '49. He trusts too much to luck, and relies too implicitly upon his own judgment, which, although shrewd enough, is not sufficiently cultivated for the needs of the present day. He is too prone to choose his counsellors from men, or boys, of his own level in point of culture, and is afflicted sorely with what a leading—in fact, *the* leading—critic of San Francisco once called "the jealousy of ignorance," insomuch that should he by any chance stumble upon a wise counsellor, he would incontinently get rid of him in order to escape the galling sense of inferiority. Nevertheless, Maguire is a whole-souled fellow, and has done more for the drama in San Francisco than all the other managers put together, ten times over. Albeit his management of the Baldwin Theatre has been that of a reckless gambler more than of a discriminating and judicious public caterer, it yet has been free-handed and liberal, and from what I know of the man, will continue to be so as long as he controls the fortunes of that beautiful theatre, which will be just as long as Mr. Baldwin owns it, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. As the Irishman remarked, "There are raisons as big as plums" why Maguire and Baldwin should and will be the Siamese twins of the drama in California. Magure can say, in the words of Pluto of old—

"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge."

Charles E. Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, has introduced the "skinflint" element into California management, and thereby put himself into the hole as effectually as has Maguire by his recklessness. Locke inaugurated a season of comic opera, with a splendid company, made a grand success at first with the Royal Middy and The Pirates of Penzance, instantly getting rid of most of the leading members of his troupe, apparently fancying that his own name was quite a tower of strength. A *Turris aurea* instead of a *Lapis offensionis*, selected an amateur stage manager; or, as he styled it, "æsthetic director," who knew nothing about theatrical affairs, although a very fair musician and clever composer. The said æsthetic director put his very particular favorites into the vacant places, cut down salaries to invisible points, and C. E. Locke in consequence slid gracefully down the grade until he reached the bed rock. A mournful example of wasted energy thrown away through technical incapacity. From all this we gather that the true causes of the decline and fall of the drama in San Francisco are not, as many assert, pressure of the times or political and social disturbances, but simply undue inflation bringing its natural result—collapse. Reckless and ignorant management on one hand and parsimonious and penny wise policy on the other. Too many theatres for the size of the town, the all-devouring railroad, which eats up the profits of the managers, and the ruinous combination system, which though it may work well enough in thickly populated States can never pay when the distances to be traveled are even greater and the possible run of the attractions no more than under the cheaper conditions of the Eastern circuits. San Francisco can support one legitimate theatre with a good stock company, playing stars as they come along, and one variety theatre, but no more. The bubble is burst, and the city has come to the level of an ordinary American town of 25,000 inhabitants, of which perhaps 20,000 are patrons of the drama, and the sooner her managers realize this the better for themselves, especially keeping in mind the all-important fact that it cannot pay to bring out expensive combinations for the very plain and simple reason that no manager can afford to play a party for 25 or 30 per cent. of the gross receipts and to pay thousands of dollars for their fares out, while impossible runs can be no longer than in Cincinnati or Baltimore.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who is conversant with the public of San Francisco and that of other second-rate cities of the United States, that it is an infinitely harder one to please than the average of towns of like size. Its utterly cosmopolitan character, due to the influx of mature men from all parts of the world who have seen and done everything that is to be seen or done, is in marked contrast to the simple minded tone of places whose population is "native and to the manor born," and men who have exhausted Paris and London will not rest satisfied with the same sort of amusements that contents Cleveland or Buffalo. Therefore, if the quality offered be not up to their expectations, they will stay away, or, worse still, go to the bad operas, which are springing up so rapidly, on the principle that, if the show is only passable, they prefer to pay twenty-five cents where they can drink or smoke rather than a dollar and a half where they set in starched propriety. Now, the Tivoli, the Winter Garden and the Vienna Concert Garden give very nearly if not quite as relishable an evening's pleasure, *plus* the beer and "baccy" and miners, the ceremony and restraint. Ladies will go to these resorts willingly, and will *walk*; whereas, the dear darlings would expect a carriage to take them to Baldwin's Theatre. 50 cents pays for two tickets, 25 cents, or two bits as it is called in 'Frisco, pays for the malt refreshment, 75 cents in all, whereas the legitimate theatre would cost $3 for the seats and at least $2.50 for a carriage, besides ice creams, etc. The equation is very simple and at the same time instructive:

50 *plus* 25—75.
3.00 *plus* 2.50—5 50.

The problem solves itself.

Aside.

The house with thunders of applause
Had echoed and re-echoed o'er,
So ceaselessly that scarce a pause
Had lapsed 'tween encore and encore.
The sweet soprano's mimicked love,
The darling tenor's weight of woe
Had gushed in gleeful notes above
The scale, it groaned in those below.

The tenor's kisses on the lips
Of the soprano in his arms
Would have discounted Abbot's quips,
Or filled a prude with dire alarms.
But as the business of the stage
Went on apace 'tween Brown and Jones,
They stood aside, and chaff did wage
In grumbling, sotto voce tones.

"Your breath to-night is"—"Yes, I know,"
The tenor interrupted her:
"I ate some onions, but—although—"
The sweet soprano, with a purr,
Said, "Don't apologize, I pray:
'Twould tickle me almost to death—
The onions, I feel free to say,
Are an improvement to your breath."

—EARL MARBLE.

A Strange Contrast.

BY JNO. R. ROGERS.

Strolling into the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, one evening, on the occasion of one of my visits to Europe, I had my attention called to one of the actors in the play of Our American Cousin, by the most terrific showers of applause and laughter following his every movement. Glancing at my programme—which, by the way, I had paid a penny for—I ascertained the actor was the famous old comedian, Buckstone. He was playing Asa Trenchard with E. A. Sothern. I sat a few moments and watched the comedian, and could scarcely hear a word he spoke. My seat was near the stage, yet I could not distinguish his utterances. The applause, genuine and hearty, continued, while for the life of me I could not see anything particularly funny or great in the actor, and finally I asked the occupant of the seat next to mine what the people were so enthusiastic about, and what did he say then. "I cawn't tell ye, my boy," he ejaculated between his shouts and hand clapping; "I cawn't tell ye. But it's Buckstone, you know. He's a great favorite of mine. Hi! Hi! Hi!"

I understood it at once. The audience, recognizing their old-time favorite, grew so enthusiastic over his very appearance before them that, although he could scarcely be heard across the footlights, his presence was sufficient to call out the most tumultuous demonstrations of applause. What a commentary! What a striking contrast to the custom of our country! Buckstone was too old to do full justice to the character, still his friends, the public whom he had often set off in roars of laughter, were faithful to him, and applauded with all the vigor bestowed on him in his prime. What would have been his reception in this country? I venture the assertion that had Buckstone been an American comedian, and had in his old age appeared under similar circumstances here, he would not have received as cordial a greeting, and perhaps not have been tolerated. The chances are, he would have been told to retire "and give some young actor a chance." I could cite numerous instances appertaining to the contrast respecting the treatment of our aged artists. But let that pass. As it is well known, there are many of our old favorites who to-day are consigned to oblivion, and it is a conundrum how they manage to exist; and were they to emerge from their retirement, what would be their probable reception? Any reader of THE MIRROR can answer this question without difficulty. It is not my province to enter into an argument on the justice or injustice of this unfortunate state of affairs, but I do think it behooves the profession to cast about and devise some way, some method, of caring for its superannuated, aged and infirm members. I have, for one, always favored the plan advanced by THE MIRROR, of raising an "Actors' Fund." The scheme is a good one, and sooner or later it will surely be adopted. The sooner the better. Now, while we have a few leisure weeks before us previous to next season's campaign, would it not be wise to start the ball rolling? What do you think? Before volunteering an expression of opinion on this subject, would it not be well to remember one fact? The day may not be far distant when you may become useless, as the expression goes. Disaster may overtake you. What, then, is to be your fate? This country does not treat her aged actors with the same consideration England did Buckstone.

The Giddy Gusher.

I venture to say that but few females of other professions do more toward developing the growth of cities than actresses. They are not only liberal, but, sadly I say it, prodigal. One of my dearest friends is an actress, and has a comfortable cottage at Long Branch, where she whiles away the Summer tedium in royal luxuriance. She was in town on Saturday, and having a remarkably sweet tooth, went into a confectionery on Broadway, seated herself on one of the revolving stools, and got the waitress to bring out tray after tray of French candies. After testing a dozen different kinds, she bought a five-cent stick of licorice and departed. Another pleasant feature of the transaction is, that it shows the good effect of railroads; they bring money into the city.

Saturday is the 14th of July, and my professional sisters who don't know what to do with a brand new pair of diamond earrings are informed that it is my birthday.

I do love to see a well-dressed actor. He gives tone to the profession, and it is money in his pocket. One little article of gentlemen's apparel that I admire most is his cuff, but nothing disgusts me so as a soiled one. I noticed several of the latter on the sleeves of a few professional gentlemen yesterday, and I lost all faith in their respectability. If actors will wear cuffs, they should at least have regard enough for their lady friends to wear sleeve-buttons large enough to cover them.

Several of the ladies now playing in The Mascotte at the Bijou have extraordinarily large feet, some of them being at least twelve inches long, and correspondingly wide. The Bijou is the place now for gentlemen who are looking for wives that are all sole.

I see that Atkins Lawrence has got into trouble by marrying two wives. Usually if a man marries one he has trouble, and some men get into trouble by promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow.

Physicians seem to have a good deal to say about women, and it's just as well that they learn to keep their opinions to themselves. Some of these sapient Æsculapians assert that the styles of wearing the hair during the last ten years has caused an alarming increase in insanity among us. "And it's so," of course you men will say, but did you ever consider that in nine cases out of nine these same styles of wearing the hair, and the faces beneath it, have had the effect of driving a great many men crazy?

How cruel is man! There's my friend, Frank Murtha—he of the saffron moustache and mastodon soul. He had the heartlessness to assert that the Government ought to run a red-hot poker through Guiteau, and the nation be invited to see him wriggle. What a delightful spec it would be for Frank if he could give the entertainment himself at the Central Park, charging $2.50 and $5.00 for reserved seats?

The profession is celebrated for its liberality to objects of charity. Yesterday I observed an old female organ-grinder, with a baby attachment, launching out wheezy tunes in front of Union Square Hotel, and a number of actors came clear down from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to deposit dollar bills in her cup.

This is not generally known. John Stetson wrote to his friend, Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, to send him some geological specimens for his cabinet. Locke returned him John Rogers' photograph, taken at the end of next season, labeled "The Petrified Man."

There is nothing I like more than to see a person "beat a retreat" gracefully. There is something artistic about it. I refer to it admiringly from the fact that a well-known actor of New York last Saturday, beat a retreat on Fourth avenue. The retreat was a hotel near Eleventh street.

Our sex has cute years. On Monday while passing the electric liberty pole in Union Square, two actors were leaning against the fountain presumably discussing things professional. One of them was John Webster; the other I didn't know. The only remark I could catch was from the one I didn't know, who asked John where he thought he could get a stand-off for a Summer suit. John shook his head, struck a thoughtful attitude, brushed a fly off his nose, and that's all I saw.

How absurdly things are named on the stage. The man who comes nearest starving is called "soup."

John Rogers' Two Women.

Two Women, the title selected by John R. Rogers for William Gill's new comedy-drama, has aroused a chorus of opposition from a number of parties who claim it as their own particular property. One of these has gone so far as to threaten legal proceedings if Rogers attempts to produce his piece under the disputed title. Fudge! Rogers is not the man we take him to be if he allows the threats of outside parties to interfere with the chosen title. The name is a good one, as names go. We therefore strongly advise Rogers to cling to it, and, if necessary, to defend his rights in the courts. Because somebody has written a drama and called it Two Women, or Five Women, or One Hundred Women, it does not follow that Rogers cannot produce a play under a similar title, so long as his production does not infringe upon anyone else's play. On this point he is sustained by the decision of Judge Curtis of this city. The case was that of Isaacs vs. Daly. Augustus Daly produced a piece by W. S. Gilbert, under the title of Charity. Isaacs applied to Judge Curtis to enjoin Daly from using the said title, claiming that he held a copyright for the title. The argument of counsel was quickly followed by a decision against Isaacs, and in favor of Daly sustaining his right to produce the play under whatever title he choose. Judge Curtis, in passing upon the merits of the cause, held that a copyright could not prevent the production of a play if the play was a new one and not a colorable imitation of the same play. "A copyright of a title," said the Judge, "protects the play for which it has been written, but not against any other play not an imitation." This decision has never been reversed.

Raymond in San Francisco.

Harry J. Claphan., who managed John T. Raymond's California tour, has returned to the city. He was met yesterday by a MIRROR representative.

"California is a great country," began Mr. Clapham.

"Yes; but what about San Francisco as a show town?"

"Well—as a show town, probably it has been overdone—played to death, as it were?"

"What kind of business did Raymond do?"

"As good, if not better, than I had anticipated. Fresh made a hit and did well from the start. While Raymond was playing in San Francisco there were twenty odd places of amusement open in the city. I was well satisfied with the financial results."

"Is it true Fresh played one night to a $42 house?"

"No sir; It is not true. I have seen that statement in print, and I tell you it is unqualifiedly false. Raymond's lowest receipts on any night were seven times that sum." [Rep. Phew!] The truth is," continued Mr. Clapham, waxing warm, "the party instigating the report was somewhat mixed. At any rate, he mixed up Raymond with Gus Williams, whose benefit in California represented just those figures. It was Williams who played to $42, and not Raymond."

"How were you treated by the San Francisco press?"

"Very well. Now, while we're talking on that subject, let me say that it is a mystery to me how managers and agents, playing San Francisco, find it necessary to curse the newspaper men of that town and attribute their bad business to those gentlemen. I found them a nice, gentlemanly set, who knew exactly what they were saying and doing. Raymond couldn't have desired better treatment than he received at their hands."

Opera for New Orleans.

The music-loving citizens of New Orleans are passionately devoted to opera, and will not spare expense to secure their favorite amusement. Good opera companies, as a rule, will meet with prompt recognition and liberal patronage there, while inferior organizations are always given a wide berth. Had De Beauplan been successful in his tour of the country after the close of a brilliant four months' season in New Orleans, it was his intention to return this Fall with a grand opera company and repeat his success. The collapse of his organization in this city put an end to this project, and deprived the citizens of New Orleans of a permanent musical organization during the season. However, there have been efforts made by other managers to fill the void left by De Beauplan, chief among whom may be mentioned the veteran manager, David Bidwell. In his usual quiet yet effective manner, he has been at work securing the best traveling organizations for short seasons, and he has met with success. In speaking about the matter to a MIRROR man, Col. Bidwell said:

"I shall play several very fine opera companies during the season. Hess' new English Opera Company will appear early in the fall, in October, and give a short season of the best and recently successful operas. The company is, I hear, to be one of the finest on the road. Sig. Perugini, the tenor, will join Hess before the season opens. He was quite successful last season in our city. Later on I shall play the Comley and Barton party in Olivette and like operas. I am also negotiating with other organizations of merit, and upon the whole, I don't think New Orleans shall suffer as far as opera is concerned. I shall give only the best operas, and play only the best companies. I understand the wants of our people in this line, and will do my utmost to afford them satisfaction, by securing only first-class attractions. I do not go about begging a subscription. I don't believe in that plan. I know if I give good opera at popular prices, which I shall do, that the public will patronize me, and I am confident I shall give the best performances that will be seen in New Orleans this season."

Milton Nobles' Marriage.

One day last week Milton Nobles married the pretty little soubrette, Miss Dora Woolwine, of Washington. The marriage was celebrated in a quiet style, and few outside of the witnesses present were aware of the event. The ceremony took place at Mr. Nobles' residence, 139 First Place, Brooklyn, and was performed by the Rev. Frank Morse, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Brooklyn. Only the immediate relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Nobles and a few personal friends of the groom were present. After the ceremony had been performed and the usual congratulations extended the happy pair, the guests sat down and partook of a wedding breakfast. The only professionals present were Mme. Bellina, the prima donna, an elder sister of the bride, Alonzo Hatch, the tenor, and Alonzo Schwartz, the comedian of Mr. Nobles' company. Mr. and Mrs. Nobles are spending the honeymoon at the groom's cottage at Fair Haven, N. J., on the Shrewsbury river. Mme. Bellini will be a guest of the young couple during the Summer.

The Fool's Errand.

Steele Mackaye called yesterday at THE MIRROR. When asked how his business prospects for next season were shaping, he replied:

"Splendidly. Our time is well filled, and a brilliant season is, I think, in store."

"When will you produce your new play?"

"The Fool's Errand? I will bring it out October 24. It will constitute one of my pieces on the road."

"You are fully determined to play Hazel Kirke?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Don't you anticipate trouble from the Mallorys about it?"

"If there is to be any trouble it will be for them, and not for me. Of course I shall play Hazel Kirke."

"Have your labors on the Fool's Errand, in conjunction with Judge Tourgee, neared completion?"

"My collaborateur is an intimate friend of General Garfield. The attempted assassination interfered with Judge Tourgee's work on this account. But the cheering news from Washington has eased his anxiety, and he is ready to commence again. The play will be finished some time in August."

"Do you think the novel contains forcible dramatic elements?"

"Certainly—else why should I have faith in it for a drama? It is powerfully constructed, and deals with a subject that allows of strong dramatic effects."

"Judge Tourgee enjoys a fine reputation as a lawyer, does he not?"

"He does, indeed. I consider him the master reconstructionist of the age. He is a man not only of brains, but of striking character."

Colonel Haverly's Mines.

J. H. Haverly left Thursday night for Colorado, on business connected with his mining enterprises. Before his departure from the city he called at THE MIRROR office, and in his usual cheery, enthusiastic manner spoke of his affairs.

"Will your mining enterprises meet your expectations?

"Yes; and even exceed them."

"How have they yielded thus far?"

"Finely. I would have been satisfied to have arrived years hence at the result which we have already achieved. Mining, you know, is slow work. It requires years of toil and patience to accomplish anything. But when it does come your way, it comes big. I told Mrs. Haverly a few days ago, while showing her a telegram from my foreman regarding the day's run, that I should have been satisfied if in five years from now the same result had been accomplished."

"So you are five years ahead, then?

"Yes; I consider the worst is now over, and begin to feel comfortable."

"Probably some day your mining enterprises will eclipse your theatrical business?"

"No, there is no danger of that. I shall remain a showman as long as I am in business."

After detailing some of his plans, which were not intended for publication, Mr. Haverly withdrew, after promising to send each member of THE MIRROR a nugget of his Colorado silver for a paper weight.

—Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre will probably be opened on the 22d of August with a new spectacular extravaganza by George Fawcett Rowe, under the management of Henry C. Jarrett. Miss Louise Balfe, niece of the renowned composer, and Miss Kate Gurney, of London, have been specially engaged to play leading parts in it. The Comley-Barton troupe will sing Olivette a month afterward, followed by Lawrence Barrett for two weeks, during which it is probable that Mr. Barrett's new five-act tragedy, in blank verse, by William Young, entitled Pendragon, founded on the familiar legends of the Round Table, will be produced.

Professional Doings.

—C. H. McConnell, owning and representing possibly the largest show printing establishment in America, is known to every body in the profession as a genial, liberal gentleman.

—M. B. Leavitt has returned to this city.

—Marion Elmore sailed for England on Thursday last.

—Jeannie Yeamans uses a pony in her new play of Popsy.

—La Mascotte and Olivette are entertaining the Mexicans.

—Bartley Campbell will return from England in a few weeks.

—It is Frank Mordaunt's intention to produce Old Shipmates in the West before bringing it to New York.

—Haverly's Strategists closed the season at Milwaukee last night.

—James W. Morrissey is booked to sail from England July 15th.

—Mart Hanley has filled the time of the Harrisons with great rapidity.

—Ed Marble is pleased with the part he is to play in Spiller's After the Opera.

—The World will be produced at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 28th inst.

—Nellie Morant has been engaged for the Madison Square Theatre next season.

—W. H. Powers has returned to Detroit to recruit his forces for the coming season.

—S. Gurney Lapham, dramatic critic of the Syracuse *Daily Courier*, is in the city.

—Augustin Daly is writing a new piece, which may open the season at his theatre.

—It is probable that Joseph Brooks will travel next season with N. C. Goodwin, Jr.

—Michael Strogoff will start on his perilous journey at Niblo's on the 8th of August.

—The part of Mo. Jewell in The World will be played on the road by Roland Reed.

—Alfred Cellier has been engaged by the Comley-Barton company as musical director.

—One of Sara Bernhardt's company (a lady) is writing the history of their American tour.

—Leonard S. Outram goes with Frederick Warde this season, playing leading juvenile parts.

—Nat Goodwin has made a hit as Syntax, in Cinderella at School, at the Boston Museum.

—Eugene Tompkins, who has been securing European attractions, has returned to Boston.

—Charles L. Davis is prepared to out-bill any circus next season. He arrived in town Sunday night.

—A Greek actor, named Lecatza, is now the Liverpool sensation. He is said to be "truly grand."

—Kate Claxton and most of her company have returned to this city from their recent California tour.

—The regular season of the Union Square Theatre is expected to open with Genevieve Ward in Forget-Me-Not.

—Matt Lingham was too ill to appear at R. M. Eberle's benefit in San Francisco. J. R. Grismer took his place.

—At the conclusion of the London engagement of Haverly's Colored Minstrels they will make a tour of the world.

—The panoramic view of Coney Island, painted by Voegtlin for James Collier, covers one thousand yards of canvas.

—John M. Burke, besides continuing as business manager for Sam'l of Posen, will play a part in the piece next season on the road.

—Kate Claxton will not reappear upon the boards till late in the season, an affair of a domestic nature requiring her retirement.

—Mr. Neuendorff has commenced a number of alterations in Wallack's old theatre, to meet the requirements of the German style.

—Max Strakosch has leased the New Orleans Opera House for eight weeks, and will give a season of opera, with Gerster as prima donna.

—Miss Jessie Vokes will shortly become the wife of E. H. W. Wright, a London magician, and former agent of the Vokes family.

—Dan Frohman impersonated one of the charity girls in Billie Taylor at a performance given on the City of Chester's last trip outward.

—Julian Reed, a brother of Roland Reed, who was with the Criterion Comedy Company last season, goes out next season with Gus Williams.

—Henry E. Abbey has secured Booth's Theatre for a season of four weeks, commencing October 3, for an attraction which is still kept a secret.

—It is positive that Charles A. Wing will pilot the Hague European Minstrels on their American tour. The troupe will sail from Liverpool August 27.

—Helen Potter's Pleiades company closed the season at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 5th and came on to this city. Several of the members sailed for Europe last Monday.

—Lawrence Barrett is at present taking solid comfort as the guest of Lord Mandeville, at that nobleman's estate in Ireland. He will return to America next month.

—The "Just in Time Club" is the latest. New members are "just in time" to buy the soda water, while the initiatiated are always on hand "in time" to enjoy the beverage.

—Several important improvements have been made in the arrangement of the balcony seats in the Park Theatre, access to which will be had by an entrance in Twenty-second street.

—The huge masses of rock encountered in the excavations of Wallack's new theatre are delaying the masonry, and it is thought the theatre will not be opened at the time contemplated.

—Augustin Daly and R. M. Hooley are negotiating for the production of the former's pieces at the latter's Opera House in Chicago yearly, immediately after the seasons close in this city.

—McCullough, Barrett, Florence, Ros Coghlan, Blanche Roosvelt, Mrs. Osgood, Brander Matthews and Genevieve Ward are at present in London. They will all be back in a month or so.

—Clara Louise Kellogg has received an offer from the manager of La Scala to sing in Milan next year. She has been in Europe a little over two years, and will return to her native land next month.

—Milton Nobles will open the season of the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, Texas, in October. He will probably bring out his new piece, Interviews, or Bright Bohemia, for the first time in Houston.

—Steele Mackaye has been offered and has accepted a large guarantee by Messrs. Ashe and Spencer for a four weeks' season on the Texas circuit, with Hazel Kirke, Won at Last, and Tourgee's new play.

—Mrs. Carlberg, widow of the late Gotthold Carlberg, the orchestral conductor and musical critic, is lying seriously ill at her residence in Twelfth street, from nervous prostration consequent upon the death of her husband.

—Our Denver correspondent, writing under date of July 5, informs us that W. E. Sheridan was lying very ill of typhoid fever at the Windsor Hotel in that city, and that his opening in San Francisco on last Monday would probably have to be postponed.

—It is thought the career of Sam'l of Posen will be brought to an end about the 6th of August at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, when the house will be closed for a week or so for renovation, to open again on the 15th with the Strategists.

Captain S. S. Ashe, manager of the Texas circuit, left for Houston last week. Pressing business matters connected with his office of State and County Tax Collector rendered his presence necessary. Mr. L. J. Spencer, his partner, will remain here until August 1st.

—Edward Witting, press agent, now with Batchellor and Doris' Circus, has something of interest to say to managers in another column. He has dished his news in palatable style, and from the favorable notices we judge him to be a desirable man for his business.

—"The Commercial Drummer" is the name of an advertising publication to be distributed in every town where Sam'l of Posen appears next season. It will be in book form, twelve pages, six of which are to be devoted to news, business notices and dramatic items.

—W. J. Scanlan has been engaged for Bartley Campbell's My Geraldine for this season. For the succeeding two years Mr. Scanlan will star under Mr. Campbell's management in a play being written by the latter especially to display the capacity of Mr. Scanlan as a comedian and delineator.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will leave Liverpool shortly in the steamer Bothnia for the States. Their repertoire for next season will include, besides The Mighty Dollar, three new plays, written especially for them by three English dramatists, entitled Home Again, The Mascaws, and The Captain. They open at the Boston Theatre September 5.

—The Standard Theatre will open August 22 with Barney Macaulay in A Messenger from Jarvis Section, rewritten and improved. Mr. Macaulay's engagement is for four weeks, and will be followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera of Patience, or a new three-act opera, from the pens of Stevens and Solomons, entitled Claude Duval, or Love and Larceny.

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND DRAMATIC PROFESSION OF AMERICA.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR.

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MIDSUMMER NUMBER.

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Mirror Letter-List.

Aiken, Frank E	Jordan, Geo. C.
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Archer, Herbert R.	Kersands, William
Ainsle, John E.	Knight, G. S.
Adrion, Rose	King, Julia Rive-
Arlington, Maggie	Leece, Mary
Bennett, Frank	Leaman, Louis
Barrymore, M. H.	Lewis, Morris
Bohee, George	Lotta (2)
Bohee, James	Leavitt, M. B.
Barrett, Lawrence (4)	Langdon, W. B.
Bockel, Marie	Lee, Dallas W. (2)
Bonner, Robert	Lane, Harry
Belmont, Grace	Lancaster, Mrs.
Brown, W. L.	Marble, Wm.
Barry, T. W. (2)	Mahn, H. B. (2)
Bascomb, Harry	Maeder, Frank
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Colton, Harry	Merrill, J. Y.
Champness, E	Mosby, A. J.
Craig, C. G	Miller, C. A.
Claxton, Kate (2)	Mestayer, W. A.
Carrington, Abbie	Mulholland, William
Chandos, Alice	Morrison, James
Chapman, Will (2)	Massett, Stephen. (2)
Cody, Fred	Marston, E. W. (5) telg
Chizzola, C. A.	McCullough, John (4)
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Chapman, F. M.	McGinness, Geo.
Coombs, Jane (2)	McDonald, Phil A.
Campbell, Wm. H.	Montgomery, H. W. (2)
Chester, Amy	Morton, Charles
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Clapham, Harry	Murphy, Joseph (2)
Carina, Mme.	Murray, David M.
Cavendish, Ada (2	Nottingham, Albert
Clarke, Harry	Newcomb, Bobby
Conner, Capt. (3)	Owen, Wm F.
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Duignan, William (2)	Owens, John E. (2)
Davenport, R C	Operti, G.
Dempsey, Louise	Obermiller, Louise
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Dayton, Lillian,	Power, W. J.
Dalziel, D.	Pelham, Claude
De Estee, Helen	Plaisted, P. S.
Dobson, Frank	Pease, Harry
Dunn, Julia E.	Robson and Crane
Du Breul, A. F.	Roberts, Frank
Egbert, Annie	Russell, Sol Smith
Fryer, J. C.	Rial, Jay
Farmer, Harry	Ryan, Sam
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Farrell, Minnie	Rickaby, John
Fitch, Florence	Roberts, Richard E.
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Girard, Belle	Smith, T. H.
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Gaylor, Charles A.	Sawyer, Jacob
Greaves, Estelle	Salsbury, Nat
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Gunther, A. C.	Stevens, R. E.
Gulick & Blaisdell	Stedman, Edmund C.
Gray, Blanche	Schwab, F.
Germon, J. D.	Saupigno, Max A. L.
Griffin, Hamilton (2)	Stevens, B. D.
Howard, George	Tannehill, Frank
Hanley, Mart W. (3)	Thompson, Charlotte
Hayden, W. R.	Thompson, Den (2)
Hess, C. D	Tanner, Rose
Harley, Grace	Travers, Helen
Hamlin and Davis	Temple, Louise (4)
Harrison, Louis	Trevelyn, Jessie
Hazzard, Augustus G.	Vaders, Henrietta
Hams, J. D.	Vandelvere, Mrs. J.C.
Hi Henry (2)	Vokes Family
Hicks, Chas. H. (2)	Wells, Grenard
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Houpt, Emily	Watson and Ellis
Hutchings, Alice (2)	Wagner, Cal
Hunt, Julia	Wesner, Ella
Ingraham, Prentis	Wood, T. R.
Janauschek, Mme	Wills, John B.
Jarrett, H. C	Wren, Fred R.
Jefferson, Joseph (2)	Weber, Sophie
Johnson, Col. Robert	Williams, Georgie
James, W. St. I.	Young, Fred A

The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Another Special Mirror.

Our friends have taxed THE MIRROR'S advertising columns to the utmost for this Midsummer Number. As it is, a score of large advertisements, including several half and quarter page announcements, which came in on publication day, have been unavoidably crowded out. We looked for extra pressure in this direction, but the result has far exceeded our anticipations. Many columns of reading matter from our best known contributors have shared the fate of the late advertisements, and a paper double the size of this enlarged MIRROR would have been necessary to have included all these.

We have concluded, therefore, to publish another special issue next week. It will be as large, as handsome, and as interesting as this one. Another cartoon will be printed, another portrait given, and many other attractions presented. We have done all we could to please the profession, and the profession has done, and is doing, all it can to please us. This is a mutually pleasant arrangement that is bound to prosper on both sides.

Our tardy friends, having seen the disadvantages of delay, will be prompt in sending in their favors for next week's paper, and we hope they will put us in the way of accommodating them all by dispatching [illegible] so as to reach us on or

A Midsummer Look Ahead.

This is the middle of the theatrical year. A month ago the majority of the theatres closed. In a month from now the majority of them will be open again. As, during our summer rambles, we climb to some gentle height, from which, on the one side, we can look back over the path we have traveled, and, on the other, can see the road far ahead, so, in this midsummer week, we are able to recall the glories of the past season, and to anticipate the brilliancy of the season which is soon to commence.

For the general public this has not been a pleasant summer. The weather has been so unseasonable that the country and the seaside were practically unvisitable until after the Fourth of July. A comet has alarmed the people by flaring in the sky its signal of disaster. Mother Shipton's prophecy of the end of the world falls due this year. The assassination of the President has greatly disturbed the country. Thus far, therefore, this has been a disturbed and unenjoyable summer, and it is probable that the public will return to the theatres, in August, with a zest and enthusiasm that will astonish the managers. If the entertainments to be offered shall hit the fancy of the people, the season of 1881-2 bids fair to eclipse any upon record.

Music, to which THE MIRROR will devote considerably more attention in future, will be one of the leading features of the coming season. There will be English, French, German and Italian opera companies on the road, to the number of over twenty, besides innumerable concert parties. Theodore Thomas will hold a Festival in New York; Dr. Damrosch will give mammoth entertainments in Brooklyn; Patti will be here with her own troupe, at $20 a ticket; Geistinger will step from the stage to the platform; Gilbert and Sullivan will produce their new opera, Patience; half a dozen new American comic operas are already in rehearsal, and Manager McCaull will present a new opera bouffe by the author of Olivette, in advance of its Parisian representation. This is all very enterprising, but, in spite of Patti, we do not believe that music will hold the first place next season in popular favor.

The return of Edwin Booth from his London triumphs will recall public attention to the legitimate. John McCullough, supported as before by an admirable company, will prove to the provinces that he is not spoiled by the adulation of English critics and Irish noblemen. Lawrence Barrett, refreshed by a pleasure trip abroad, will also take the field, while Tom Keene, W. E. Sheridan, Fred. Paulding and half a dozen new aspirants will uphold the legitimate banner. Mary Anderson and Fanny Davenport will lead the ladies. Alice Dunning Lingard will undertake the Neilson business. Mrs. Scott-Siddons will be here, and Ada Cavendish will return later. Great things are expected from Miss Mather, the new tragedienne, and from Lilian Cleves, and we may be sure of at least one new Kentucky star to try to rival Miss Anderson's rapid popularity.

Next to the legitimate, we may expect comedy of all classes to hold the foremost place. Jefferson will play this season; so will the Florences, and Raymond, and Robson and Crane among the old favorites. Nat Goodwin and Lizzie Weathersby will advance from burlesque variety to modern comedy. The Harrisons will have a new version of Photos. Sam'l of Posen has taken the vacant place of Lord Dundreary. Alvin Joslin and Deacon Crankett will be out again. Minnie Palmer will have a new play, and so will Salisbury's Troubadours. Uncle John Smith will travel about in his Palace Car, and Jarrett's company will initiate him on the Bristol. Over three hundred and fifty other comedy and comical troupes are already prepared for next season, and the people of the provinces will have to go to the theatres every night and every other afternoon to keep up with these hosts of clever performers. The more the merrier is the rule at the beginning of the season, and we hope that they will reap profits enough to keep them merry through the year.

In this city the season will open unusually early, and with strong attractions, old and new. Harrigan and Hart's new theatre will lead off with The Major. Then comes the Union Square, redecorated, with Coney Island. Then Daly's, with a revival of Cinderella at School. Then the Grand Opera House, with the Harrisons. Then Haverly's Fourteenth Street, with The Strategists revised. Then the Fifth Avenue, with George Fawcett Rowe's new comedy. Then the Bijou, with Rooms to Rent. Then the Standard, with Macauley's Messenger from Jarvis Section. Then the Park, with the Hanlon-Lees. Then Niblo's, with Michael Strogoff. Then Booth's, reconstructed and refurnished, with another Strogoff. Then Wallack's new theatre, sometime in October, by which period all the other theatres will have put forward their autumn attractions. In the meantime, the [illegible] Square will

have finished off The Professor and brought out Mrs. Burnett's Esmeralda, and the Germania will have moved around to the old Wallack's, while Tony Pastor takes possession of the present Germania.

This is a bright outlook, but it becomes all the brighter when we consider the number of original plays promised from American authors. Wallack's will open with a new comedy by Steele Mackaye. The Union Square has accepted new pieces by Cazauran, Elliot Barnes and Bartley Campbell. Mr. Daly announces a new play by himself. The versions of Strogoff will all be made here. Fawcett Rowe's comedy at the Fifth Avenue is already noted. Mary Anderson advertises an American adaptation of La Fille de Roland. Marian Booth has a new comedy ready. Florence will soon be glad to exchange his English pieces, in which he never made any money, for American works, which have brought him in fortune. Frank Mordaunt has gone to a critic for Old Shipmates. More of the laughable triples to be brought out by the three hundred and odd combinations are original. In a word, the harvest of the American playwright has arrived, and he has now only to keep busy and garner the golden grain. This, of itself, would be a proud prospect for any season; but it renders the anticipations of the coming season only more splendid, for American plays are to be performed by American companies which have never been equaled in members and ability.

A Professional Compliment to Mrs. Garfield.

We are heartily in favor of the suggestion which we have heard talked about among professionals, that a performance should be given at the Academy of Music to increase the fund to be presented to Mrs. Garfield, or to be devoted to some special testimonial of the sympathy of the whole profession with the wounded President. While all other classes of citizens are eagerly subscribing to the fund, and while our friends of the Church are adding their prayers to the good wishes of all the world, the stage should not be unrepresented at this period of national rejoicing over the President's escape from an insane assassin.

But, while we hope that this benefit performance will be organized at once, we also hope that the profession will take hold of it and carry it through in a new and independent spirit. Let us have a meeting of all the theatrical agents and managers in town to appoint a committee to take charge of the advertising and the business departments. Let a committee of actors be appointed to call for volunteers and arrange an attractive programme. Instead of allowing some outsiders to assume the direction of the affair and gain most of the credit, let the professionals undertake it all themselves and make it a unique and memorable success.

There will be no difficulty in obtaining the Academy, or the Grand Opera House, or Niblo's, or some other large theatre, free of charge, for such a performance. The gas companies will donate the illumination, the carpenters and stage-hands will volunteer, Pat Gilmore will see that a suitable orchestra is on hand, ready to play "America." As for actors, all the great stars in this vicinity would place their services at the disposal of a committee of professionals, and any actor or actress would be glad to come in from the country to take part in such a testimonial. The shrewdest and most enterprising managers and agents are here now, and if each one of them will work half as hard for a week to make the Garfield benefit a success as he does all the season to build up his own show, there will not be room enough in any one theatre to accommodate the people.

Whatever is to be done should be done at once. In a case like this he who gives quickly gives doubly. Ten days will be ample time to make all the arrangements. If every professional will take THE MIRROR in his hand and go down to the Square, this afternoon, to consult with his brethren about the matter, there can be a working committee formed before night, and a call to the profession inserted in Sunday's papers. After that, all will be easy. As soon as the theatre is selected the tickets should be printed and placed on sale. In a week they will be at a premium. The profession are always working for other people. Now let us see what they can do for themselves in honor of the noble little lady of the White House.

Midsummer Day Dreams.

OUR CARTOON: BY HARRY OGDEN.

We devote the first page of this Midsummer Number to one of the cleverest and most artistic pictures ever published in a weekly paper. To professionals it will tell its own stories, and the odd and satirical association of tragedians and comedians, melodramatists and farceurs, in their costumes as they live upon the stage, will convey its merry moral, and bring smiles to lips [illegible] to mirth. But we have thousands of unprofessional readers who will need a guide to identify the capital portraits, and, therefore, we volunteer our services.

In the upper left hand corner, Boucicault, as the Shaughran, is adapting a French play from the pocket of Sardou, the famous French dramatist. Next, Clara Morris is having a scene with her crazy cook, whose emotional acting completely overcomes the mournful Miss Multon. In the other corner, Miss Rose Coghlan, as Lady Teazle, is eloping to Europe with Lawrence Barrett, as Brutus. "Come along; nothing wrong," we can hear the fair lady say behind her fan, while Barrett casts long, lingering looks upon the land of the free theatres. Below, Anna Dickinson, as Richard the Third, nurses by the sad sea waves over her lawsuit with John Stetson, and rehearsing her famous telegram:

"What do ye in the South, when ye should be rehearsing in the North?"

In the centre of the page, Frank Mordaunt, in his new star-part in Old Shipmates, with Uncle Dan'l Macaulay, is rowing Sam'l (of Posen) Curtis, Mestayer, the Tourist, William Elton, The World's Jew, and Col. Haverly. On their left, Frank Mayo, as Davy Crockett, is escorting Fanny Davenport, as Mabel Renfrew, over the Pennsylvania mountains. On the right, W. E. Sheridan, as Louis the Eleventh, is flirting over a game of croquet with Alice Harrison, from Photos. In two cartes-de-visite, Aldrich is seen without his Partner, while Marion Booth, herself a star, discovers the comet. By the way, why does not Miss Booth name one of her plays after the fiery visitor whom she has found mid-heavens? The Comet would be an excellent title for a comedy.

In the three lower compartments, the faces are all familiar. Lester Wallack, as Young Hardcastle, steers his favorite yacht, with Rose Eytinge and Maud Granger as his modest passengers in the background. Edwin Booth, as Hamlet at Lake George, commences with Nature and with Lotta—pretty much the same thing. Lillian Cleves, as a veritable Farmer's Daughter, rakes the hay, which John McCullough, as Virginius, loads upon the wagon.

May all the Midsummer Day Dreams of the profession be as delightful, and all the plays of the players as pleasant!

Personal.

KNOWLTON.—Georgie Knowlton is summering at her mother's beautiful suburban home near Boston. She is engaged next season for Sarah Jewett's part, supporting Rose Eytinge in Felicia, under the management of C. J. Whitney. She has gained considerable reputation as a singer, having appeared successfully as Josephine and Arabella in Billee Taylor. In light comedy and *ingenues* she is at her best, and upon her lats appearance in New York received a flattering notice from William Winter.

MAUBURY.—C. C. Maubury is the guest of Frederick De Bellville at Cohasset.

MALONE.—John T. Malone plays with John Owens this week at City Point.

PALMER.—Manager A. M. Palmer expects to leave England for this city on the 1st of August.

HAVLIN.—Manager Jno. H. Havlin is spending a few weeks with his family in the country.

MACKAYE.—Steele Mackaye's first contribution to a dramatic journal will be found in another column.

SEARLE.—Louise Searle willl play Bettina in the Mascot with the Wilbur Opera Company on the road.

HAVERLY.—Colonel Haverly has placed Charles Andrews in the position of first lieutenant of his mammoth forces.

PERCY.—Townsend Percy is at Greenwood Lake, from which cool spot he sends his dramatic matter weekly to the Sunday *Star*.

MCCULLOUGH.—John McCullough will return to New York by the City of Chester, which sails from Liverpool on the 3d of August.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth will remain in town during the summer, making short detours into the country. Mrs. Booth's condition remains unchanged.

LEAVITT.—M. B. Leavitt has purchased a residence in West Sixteenth street, and will remain in New York, and direct his combinations by telegraph the coming season.

BOOTH.—A clever poem on the Comet will appear next week in the Special MIRROR. It is written by the discoverer of the body that is cavorting around the sky—Miss Marion Booth.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey will leave London for New York on July 30.

BLOSSOMS.—Dame Rumor places a wreath of orange blossoms on Fanny Wentworth's brow. The ceremony is booked for Saturday at Erie, Pa. Congratulations.

ROBSON.—Stuart Robson is in New York. He will meet Charles Stevenson and his yacht. Together they will sail for Cohasset. Both are experienced yachtsmen.

PATTI.—It has just been flashed across the water that Adeline Patti has signed with M. Nicolini for a concert season throughout the United States, which is to begin in New York on or about the 9th of November next.

DE BELLVILLE.—Frederic De Bellville has refused four offers to play leading business the coming season—from Colville for Michael Strogoff, Fanny Davenport, Boston Theatre, and Frank Gardner for the Legion of Honor. He remains at the Square. We are glad of it.

Gilbert Explains.

If you ask me the methods I use for my numerous
Flashes of wit in libretti displayed,
Which to the bewildered appear to be humorous,
But are, when dissected, but mere tricks of trade,
I bid you examine
And pick out the sham in
The volumes of lore I get off in short time
And perhaps you'll agree
With me
That we
Don't need so much reason, if there's but enough rhyme.

The first thing to do to delight the auricular
Nerve with the jingle, and fill with amaze,
Is to choose a three-syllabled rhyme, which particular
Meaning imparts to a meaningless phrase;
Thus, as a mere matter
Of ear-pleasing patter,
Take *salary*, *Mallory*; triple rhymes clear—
And merely the ring
Of the thing
Will bring
A tickling sensation, I'm sure, to the ear.

When you've settled conclusively as to the syllable
Needed for accent, your lexicon seize,
And tilling the soil where'er it is tillable,
Bring forth a host of historical he's.
Then fling them together,
Don't stop to ask whether
The age and the time with the sense correspond;
Just rhyme them aright,
And unite
Them tight,
And lo! what a structure you've raised with your wand.

Thus, if I should happen to speak of young Corydon,
Meaning, of course, a mere rustical youth,
I'd think for a rhyme till I'd thought of Miss Laury Don,
And make her the Phyllis! (A triumph, in truth!)
And then, on this basis,
I'd build an oasis
Of sense in a desert of—as it were—"wit,"
And by working back
On this tack
I'd rack
My brains till I'd found some allusion to fit!

Of course, I admit, it is something like agony,
Always to get your remarks to connect,
And requires a fortitude simply Pendragony,
But hang it, in music what *can* you expect?
Alas, in addition
At times your position
Grows desperate because there's not English enough,
And then you know
You must go
And show
Your invention by coining new compounds and stuff.

So, should I desire t'express great sobriety
Of action and thought, and severeness of tone,
I'd speak of a man's having great Steele Mackayety,
My meaning I'd fully convey, thus alone
Or a French drama panic
I'd call Cazauranic;
A process of word-making good as the best
For I've known from birth
Naught on earth
Has the worth
Of a thoroughbred adjective deftly compressed.

FINALE.

Consult your Thesaurus, your Gazetteer, Botany,
"Fictional Names" and "Men of the Time."
Repair to your library shelves (if you've any)
And cull the best names for remarks in rhyme.
And surely *in petto*
The cleverest libretto
That ever yet Sullivan's quavers made go
There will be
You'll see,
To a T!
Now go and out-rhyme me! I've given away!

—SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

The Usher.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABORS' LOST.

It's a downright outrage, that's what it is! Here, THE MIRROR'S advertisers have swooped down on us like a wolf on the fold (that simile isn't mine, it was patented years ago by an English poet), and my chief sends word that I must "cut it short." By "it," I suppose he means the column in which I've hitherto been able to send forth my inflictions without taking space into consideration at all. Well, the decree is inexorable, I suppose, and there's an end on't.

* * *

The editor must find room for this paragraph, however. Two or three nights in succession I dropped in to see the last act of Sam'l of Posen, and on each occasion I noticed that a bad actor who plays the bad actor succeeds in disgusting every respectable man in the audience by conspicuously displaying a copy of a disreputable dramatic sheet, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention—the description is sufficient identification. What does young Eytinge mean? Is it his purpose to advertise the publication in question, in order to curry favor with the banditti who run it? That's queer. His scheme stamps him for a "duffer," for none but that breed read the sheet which he flaunts with such bravado. He is a bad, bad actor, indeed, in more senses than one.

* * *

M. B. Curtis is a very good fellow—although he does truckle more or less to the financial whims of a certain dramatic paper—and I'm sure he would not willingly permit one of his company to introduce an offensive "prop" in his piece. Now that this matter has been brought before him, I am confident that he will give it his attention, and see that the objectionable feature is removed. I'll drop in to see the piece some evening before the next issue and report the change to my readers. Stop! My indignation has carried me to the end of a SECOND paragraph, and I've broken my promise. Forgive me—I won't never, not, any, none, ever do so again!

Jean Burnside's Bonanza.

The press has so extensively advertised the good fortune just befallen Miss Jean Burnside, late leading lady of the Madison Square Theatre, that a reporter of THE MIRROR called upon her at her residence last evening to get at the facts, and to learn if the lady had ecstatically ascended or was still of this earth earthy. Miss Burnside was seated in the twilight, clad in white. She has fair hair, with dark eyes, and a spirituelle face, which in repose is sweetly sad, but whose smile seems to light her entire being. The reporter remarked that he "had not hoped to find her alone."

"I am never alone," she replied, "with books, papers and manuscripts; they are my dearest companions."

"Your good fortune does not seem to disturb your equanimity."

"Why should it? We are certain of nothing in this world till we possess it, and even then our treasures may take wings."

"Was Mr. Burnside's wealth really five millions?"

"He paid taxes on eleven millons, which I have understood was but a part of his property; but you must really excuse me from this subject, as I have already refused to be interviewed by a score of reporters."

"But your professional friends have an interest in you, and would like to hear from your own lips, through THE MIRROR, the details of your good fortune."

"THE MIRROR I would gladly accommodate, and I like it very much, but at present I can give no further details. I may hereafter."

"But one question. Had Mr. Burnside no nearer relative than your mother?"

"I believe not. He died a bachelor. Oblige me by speaking of something else."

"Will you continue on the stage?"

"Certainly. I love my profession."

"What is your programme for the coming season?"

"I shall star in one or two plays written for me."

"You are an authoress yourself, I understand?"

"I write a little."

"Will any piece of yours be produced here this season?"

"Yes, though I have not entirely completed my arrangements."

Miss Burnside spoke with much intelligence of the class of literature the stage was being deluged with, and of managers fostering plays which should not fine countenance.

As we arose to go, our eye fell upon a bust of Shakspeare surmounting an escritoire, and a picture of Lester Wallack.

"Which of these are your ideal Apollos?"

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Shakespeare and Wallack."

"Oh, Mr. Wallack, decidedly. Unlike the gentle Daly, he is a perfect tiger! When he becomes enraged and shows his teeth he is truly handsome. Seriously he is a lovely man, whom women have striven to spoil, but have not succeeded."

"Miss Burnside, can you not contribute something to the MIDSUMMER MIRROR?"

"Certainly. What will you have! Something short, long, poetic, romantic, sentimental or practical?"

"A short poem, if agreeable."

"Wait a moment, then."

Placing a large book on her knees (the feminine custom), Miss Burnside commenced writing, while the reporter busied himself with a small volume.

There—will that answer?" handing the reporter a sheet of paper about ten minutes afterward, on which she had written the following "Somnet in remembrance of Agues Ethel's Frou-Frou:"

Frou-Frou didst act
With graceful art,
And lovely thou
In this naive part.

Tenderly kind, so loving, true;
Pouting so sweet, we pouted too.

Thy charms enraptured on the stage,
Enchanted alike our youth and age.

Under thy spell, we shared each joy,
Enchanting were thy ways so coy.

And when thy rashness brought thee woe,
We felt as REAL, dear heart, the blow,
And weeping, prayed to him above,
"Restore t' our Frou-Frou peace and love."

Combinations for 1881-82.

Below will be found a list containing one hundred and thirty-eight combinations taking the road for the season of 1881-'82. It will be seen that there are ninety-four dramatic companys, eighteen musical and operatic organizations, nine variety combinations, nine musical parties, three pantomime troupes, three individual musicians and two Uncle Tom companies. This list is as authentic and complete as we can make it at this writing.

Anderson Mary, starring; Hamilton Griffin, manager; Frank M. Chapman, business manager.
After the Opera, comedy; Robert Spiller, m.; Frank A. Small, advance agent.
Anthony and Ellis, Uncle Tom's Cabin; Anthony and Ellis, mgrs.
Anthony and Ellis, Majestics; T. E. Misco, m.
Abbott Emma, opera; E. I. Wetherell, m.; Charles Pratt, b. m.; M. C. Tobin, agent.
Acme Olivette, opera; C. D. Hess, m.; A. Latour, b. m.
All the Rage Co., comedy; J. M. Hill, m.
Adams' Grimaldi, pantomime; Charles H. Day, m.; J. H. Laine, agent.
Barrett Lawrence, starring; R.E.Stevens, m.
Booth Edwin, starring; Henry E. Abbey, m.; Maze Edwards, b. m.
Byron Oliver Doud, starring; J. P. Johnson, m.; H. D. Grahame, b. m.
Baker and Farren, comedy; Ike Leech, m.; Harry Hapgood, agt.
Buffalo Bill, sensational; Josh E. Ogden, b. m.; Harry Sellers, agt.
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West, minstrels; E. B. Brown, m.; E. M. Gotthold, agt.
Brooks, Dickson and Clapham, minstrels; George Berger, b. m.
Big Four, minstrels, Harry D. Grahame, m.;
Barry and Fay, comedy, Wm. Harris, m.; Chas. Melville, agt.
Burnside Jean, starring; ——, m.
Banker's Daughter Co. (No. 1); James W. Collier, m.; C. T. Atwood, b. m.
Banker's Daughter Co. (No. 2); James W. Collier, m.; Walter Collier, b. m.
Boyd Nellie, Co., comedy; J. M. Weltz, m.; W. H. Mizener, agt.
Boston Ideal Co., opera, Mrs. E. Ober, m.
Burgess' Widow Bedott Co., George Stoddard, m.
Claxton Kate, starring; Spencer Cone, b. m.
Collier's Coney Island, comedy; James W. Collier, m.
Curtis M. B., starring; Frank Curtis, m.; John Burke, b. m.; E. Sweet, agt.
Clarke John Sleeper, starring; Horace Wall, m.
Clarke George, comedy; Charles Gaylor, m.; John M. Hickey, agt.
Cleves Lillian, starring; E. O. Skelton, b. m.
Chanfrau Mr. and Mrs., starring; Clifton Tayleure, m.
Child of the State Co., J. H. Russell, m.; E. B. Ludlow, agt.
Comley and Barton Opera Co., Comley and Barton, m.
Coombs Jane, F. A. Brown, m.
Campbell's Galley Slave Co., Bartley Campbell, m.; George Miller, b. m.
Campbell's My Geraldine Co.; B. Campbell, m.; P. Curren, b. m.
Davenport Fanny, starring; Edwin Price, m.; G. A. Mortimer, b. m.
Davis Charles L., starring; Charles L. Davis, m.; B. S. Crane, b. m.
Denier Tony, pantomime, Tony Denier, m.; George Sydney, agt.
D'Oyley Carte Co., comic opera; D'Oyly Carte, m.; Charles Keeshin, agt.
Dobson's Hazel Kirke Co.; Frank M. Dobson, m.; George Harrison, agt.
Eytinge Rose, starring; C. J. Whitney, m.; J. J. Levy, b. m.
Edouin's Sparks Co., Frank Sanger, m.;
Evangeline Co., Ernest Stanley, m.
Emmett J. K., starring; E. K. Wilton, m.
Edgewood Folks Co., W. W. Fowler, m.
Frank I. Frayne, starring; William Berry, m.; J. H. Gauseman, agt.
Fetter Selina, starring.
Florence Mr. and Mrs., comedy; W. J. Elliott, m.
Goodwin N. C. Jr.; Joseph Brooks, m.; E. G. Stone, b. m.
Gardner's Legion of Honor; Frank L. Gardner, m.
Gray Ada, starring; Charles A. Watkins, m.
Graham R. E., comedy; John R. Rogers, m.; Daniel Macauley, b. m.
Grestinger Marie, Concert Co; —— m.
Harrison Louis and Alice, comedy; Mart Hanley, m.
Hearts of Oak Co., drama; James A. Herne, m.; F. W. Bert, b. m.
Hunt Julia A., starring; Louis Draper, m.
Hanlon-Lees, specialty; Henry E. Abbey, m.; Mazo Edwards, b. m.
Herrmann, magician; Brooks & Dickson, m.; George Zebold, b. m.; George Hawley, agent.
Haverly's European Mastodon Minstrels; Charles Frohman, m.; Wm. Strickland, agt.
Haverly's New Mastodon Minstrels; J. H. Mack, m.
Haverly's Colored Minstrels (Europe); Chas. Haslam, m; Howard Spear, agt.
Haverly's Widow Bedott, comedy; Frank Paul, m.
Haverly's Strategists, comedy; Will Morton, m.
Hague's Minstrels; Charles Wing, m.
Hyde and Behman, variety; Hyde and Behman, m.
Janauschek, starring; A. Pillot, m.; Nat Childs, agt.
Jefferson Joe, starring; Chas. Jefferson, m.. H. S. Taylor, b. m.
Joseffy Concert Co.; H. Wolfshon, m.
Jollities, musical; Charles Atkinson, m.
Johnson and Miller's Operatic Comedy Co.; H. E. Wheeler, b. m.
Keene Thomas W., starring; Wm. Hayden, m.; Harry Phillips, agt.
Knights Otto and Sophia, comedy; F. Berger, m.; Harry Smart, b. m.
Lotta, starring; George Crabtree, m.; George W. Floyd, agt.
Lingard Alice Dunning, starring; Brooks and Dickson, m.
Lingard Wilham Horace, comedy; W. H. Lingard, m.
Lewis Jeffreys, starring: Brooks and Dickson, m.
Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels; M. B. Leavitt, m.; Kit Clarke, b. m.
Leavitt's Specialty Co., variety; Dudley McAdow, m.
Leavitt's Rentz-Santley Co., variety; M. B. Leavitt, m.; Ed. Rosenbaum, b. m.
McCullough John, starring; W. M. Conner, m.; Ed. Price, agt.
Mitchell Maggie, starring; H. T. Paddock, m.; W. Mitchell, agt.
Macauley Barnard, starring; Sam. Fletcher, E. Stevens, agt.
Mordaunt Frank, starring; C. R. Gardiner, m.; H. A. D'Arcy, agt.
Murphy Joseph, starring; J. F. Joyce, b. m.
My Partner Co., Louis Aldrich and Parsloe, ms.; Frank Bower, b. m.; Robert Arthur, agt.
Melville Emelie, opera Co., C. E. Blanchett, m.
Mahn H. B., comic opera Co.; H. B. Mahn, m.; J. P. Reynolds, b. m.
Mitchell's Pleasure Party; Wm. Mitchell, m.; John Burke, agt.
Madison Square Co., (Hazel Kirke); Gus Frohman, m.; O. D. Bernard, b. m.
Mackaye Steele (Hazel Kirke); Theodore Morris, b. m.
Mayo Frank, starring; E. M. Gardiner, m; Frank Hall, agt.
Macallester Prof., magician. Harry Lee, m.
Nobles Milton, starring; Milton Nobles, m.
Needles and Pins Co., comedy; W. C. Smith, m.; Frank Hawley, b. m.
One Hundred Wives Co.; Gosche and Hopper, m.; Arthur Thomas, agt.
Our Goblins, musical; W. C. Mitchell, m.; John Burke, agt.
Owens John E., comedy; —— m.
Pixley Annie, starring; McDonough and Fulford, m.
Paulding Frederick, starring; J. B. McCormack, m.
Powers' Galley Slave Co.; W. H. Powers, m.; Chance Pulsifer, agt.
Palmer Minnie, comedy; John R. Rogers, m.; Daniel Macauley, b. m.
Pastor Tony, variety; H. Sanderson, m.; John A. Dingess, agt.
Raymond John T., starring; J. H. Havlin, m.; J. Frank Farrell, b. m.
Robson and Crane, comedy; A. R. Webb, b. m.; Thomas Shea, agt.
Rooms for Rent company, comedy; Robert Spiller, m.
Rossi Signor, starring, C. A. Chizzoli, m.; J. H. St. Mauer, agt.
Rankin McKee, comedy; H. W. Johnson, m.; Charles Roberts, agt.
Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.; L. Grover, Jr., m.
Rial Jay, Co., specialty; James Huver, m.; Joseph Chenet, b. m.
Rice's Surprise Party, burlesque; E. E. Rice, m.; E. E. Kidder, b. m.
Roberts N. D., pantomime; N. D. Roberts, m.
Rooney Pat, Co., variety; Harry Miner, m.; M. L. Townshend, agt.
Rooms to Rent Co.; J. A. Gulick, m.
Sheridan W. E., starring; T. K. Tillotson, m.
Strogoff Michael, Co.; Samuel Colville, m.
Stevens John A., sensational; John A. Stevens, m.; E. B. Vosburg, agt.
Strakosch Italian Opera Co.; Max Strakosch, m.; George Bothner and Alf. Joel, agts.
Snelbacker's Majestics, variety; T. E. Snelbacker, m.
Strogoff Michael, Co.; Kiralfy Brothers, m.; Fred DuBois, b. m.
Slave's Dream Co.; J. D. Walker, m.; E. J. Brown, agt.
Salsbury's Troubadours; N. Salsbury, m.; Charles Crouse, agt.
Two Nights in Rome Co.; Brooks and Dickson, m.
Thompson Charlotte, starring; L. Rogers, m.
Thompson Den, comedy; J. M. Hill, m.
Thayer Kate, concert; Will Chapman, m.
The Professor Co.: W. H. Gillette, m.
Templeton Fay, Opera Co.; John Templeton, m.; Will Duffy, agt.
Vokes, comedy; Brooks and Dickson, m.; Gus Pennoyer, b. m.; E. R. Jack, treas.
Vaders Henrietta, starring; Matt Canning, m.; H. A. Turner, agt.
World Co, No. 1; Brooks and Dickson, m.; H. McVicker, treas.; J. W. Morrissey and George Clapham, agents.
World Co., No 2; Brooks and Dickson, m.; Harry Clapham, b. m.; John Dickson, treas.; W. H. Turner, agt.
Williams Gus, comedy; John Rickaby, m.; J. H. Robb, agt.
Warde Fred B., starring; John J. Collins, m.
Warde Genevieve, starring; Brooks and Dickson, m.; Phil Simmonds, agt.
Wagner Cal, Minstrels; Samuel T. Jack, m.
Wallace-Villa Co.; J. H. Rice, m.
Wilbur Opera Co.; A. S. Wilbur, m.
Yeamans Jennie, comedy drama.

—G. W. Chatterton, Manager of the Illinois Opera House Association, has been in the city for some time past, and has succeeded in making many excellent bookings. The circuit comprises thirteen first-class houses.

Letters to the Editor.

Will you hear this letter with attention?
As we would hear an oracle.
LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

A MIDSUMMER JOY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 11, 1881.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

MY DEAR SIR:—Mrs. S. presented me with a little girl yesterday (the 10th).

Yours in haste,
MARK SMITH.

THE SPIRIT'S INACCURACIES.

SIR:—The Spirit of the Times endeavors to prove that I was mistaken in my statement concerning the performances of the Comedie Francaise in London. The former visit to the Opera Comique, referred to by the Spirit, occurred during the days of the Commune, and only a small section of the company took part in the representations, which were given without the sanction or countenance of the Administration. M. Got himself declared that never until the brilliant and memorable visit of 1879 had the entire company of forty or fifty societaries and pensionnaires performed anywhere out of Paris—not even in France. That the Spirit is altogether wrong when it says "This great stock company could not draw without its star." I will prove by quoting Manager Hollingshead's own words. In the managerial manifesto, regarding the financial results of the representations, he says: "L'Avare and the Femmes Savantes, supported in each case by L'Atincelle, produced respectively £471 and £479, although they contained no 'star' performer and no sensational scene." These are large figures when one recollects the size of the Gaiety and the comparatively low prices of admission. Mr. Hollingshead further says, "It is a curious fact that L'Ami Fritz should have produced nearly as much in one representation as it produced in one week in 1877, the chief character in each case having been represented by the same actor. This is a proof, if any is needed, that the prestige of the Comedie Francaise as a troupe d'ensemble is worth something after all."

It appears a little singular, by the way, that the same people about whom the Spirit writes has such hard things to say—the Saxe-Meiningen company of actors, the Comedie Francaise, Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry—are the very attractions he recommended Manager Abbey to endeavor to secure for the forthcoming season in New York.

In regard to the Modjeska matter the Spirit ingeniously tries to evade my assertion. In its issue of June 4 it is stated: "Modjeska's London success is a fad, and is more due to Camille, which was never permitted to be performed there before, than to her acting." If this does not imply that Modjeska was the first to play Camille in London, what does it mean at all? Modjeska made her debut last year as Constance in Heartsease, which is an English adaptation (I never said translation, though it differs but slightly from the original) of Dumas' Dame aux Camelias, or, as the play is known in this country, Camille. The very same piece had, however, been proposed in London several years previously, with Miss Helen Barry and Mr. William Rignold as Constance and Armand Duval.

I am sorry to trouble you at such length; but I think it as well that the insufficiently informed writer in the Spirit, who is generally so ready to find fault with others, should have a few of his own numerous inaccuracies corrected.

Very truly yours,
"G."

That Wonderful Advertiser.

Charles L. Davis was born in Baltimore in 1853. He is now twenty-eight years of age, and although a young man, he has met with great success everywhere, and has cleared $100,000 during the past two seasons with his famous Alvin Joslin combination. The play is a sensational comedy, or as Mr. Davis bills it, "180 laughs in 180 minutes." It was written by the actor, and abounds in funny incidents and laughable situations.

Davis has long been noted in the profession for his original methods of advertising. There is no manager of our acquaintance more liberal in his display of printers' ink. Last season he was noted as the largest advertiser on the road, and as might have been expected, he cleared $60,000 on a season of forty-two weeks. This season he will pursue the same policy, only on a larger scale. He has just given an order for one stand of bills, which will consist of four hundred and ten sheets in five colors, which will be, perhaps, the largest stand put up by any one attraction. One hundred new lithographs have also been contracted for. The Alvin Joslin company, the coming season, will consist of twenty-eight people, thirteen alone being required in the managerial and advertising department. Mr. Davis will carry his own scenery. D. B. Hughes, the scenic artist, has just finished two complete sets, one for large stages and the other for the smaller ones.

In speaking of his enterprise to a MIRROR representative, yesterday, Mr. Davis said: "I shall do a big business this season. My show costs me $5,000 to put in shape for the road. I shall, as heretofore, send my company to the best hotels, ride them en route in Pullman cars, and am ready to meet any opposition. In fact, I rather like opposition, and will beat any circus that happens to come along. Oh! I'm going to show the profession how to do business. Right now I have sixty girls putting up packs of playing cards, which I shall give away. Eh? No, not the girls, the cards. I shall give away ten million lithographic cards in colors. You watch me this season!"

Professional Doings.

—Ned Thorne is in the city.

—Dudley McAdow will go out as manager of Leavitt's Specialty company.

—Maze Edwards is busily engaged in preparing the season's campaign for the Hanlon-Lees.

—Francis Leon, who has been engaged by Colonel Haverly for the Mastodons, will receive a salary of $250 a week.

—Gus Frohman and O. G. Bernhard are seriously thinking of taking one of the San Francisco theatres next season.

—Emily Soldene and Messrs. Campbell, Marshall and Appleby, of the former's opera troupe, have arrived in this city.

—The dramatic authors, Devereux and Van Planck, have sold the right to their new play, Under the Ban, to a firm of dramatic agents.

—Edward Warren will go out with Horace Lingard, and will not be a member of Pierce's Opera company, as he previously informed us.

—Fanny Wentworth has been engaged by Manager E. E. Rice for his traveling season to sing leading roles in Cinderella at Sea and The Mascotte.

—The interior decoration of the new Theatre Comique is rapidly approaching completion under the direction of Will B. Autrum of the firm of Autrum & Kren.

—The local passenger agents of the Eastern railway lines have concluded to cut down on theatrical rates. This is bad news for fly-by-night combinations.

—Charlie Lord, for some time past connected with Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, will be manager of Brooks, Dick and Clapham's Minstrels this season.

—Otis V. Skinner writes us that he is engaged at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as has been announced, goes with Lawrence Barrett this season.

—Martin's Opera House, Albany, has changed hands, Mr. Fort retiring, and George E. Oliver, a local manager, succeeding him. It will hereafter be known as Music Hall.

—Frank W. Paul is now managing Haverly's Widow Bedott party, vice O. E. Bechett, who assumes control of the Evans-Melville Combination. J. H. Love will be the advance agent.

—Harry Woodruff, the boy actor who has been engaged by Manager Thomas A. Hall, of Philadelphia, to play the part of Nat, in The World. Harry got the $30 a week which he demanded.

—The Villas, supported by the Villa-Wallace-Villa combination, open their twelfth successive season August 29. The party produce a double attraction, specialty and burlesque each night.

—Joseph J. Levy is engaged as business manager with Felicia next season. Mr. Levy is popular alike with the press and the profession. He has had much experience, and Mr. Whitney has made a wise selection.

—Mr. Paolo F. Campiglio, a distinguished musician of the Crescent City, and for years organist at the Trinity Church in New Orleans, has removed to New York, where he intends hereafter making his home. Mr. Campiglio called on THE MIRROR to-day.

—Ed. Gardiner and A. H. Stuart, the invalids for whom there is much inquiry, are getting along nicely. The former is able to leave his house in Chicago for occasional walk, and the latter is in New York taking orders for the Strowbridge photograph company. They have the best wishes of everybody.

L. J. Loring writes us that he is engaged to play an "old man" part in Pixley's that he is selected to play Ferri, the old man (Stoddart's role), which is an eccentric, but not "a straight old man" part. Very well then; Mr. Loring is secured by Manager Whitney to act an eccentric "straight old man."

—Tony Denier finished a season of over six weeks at Milwaukee on Independence Day. Friday last he sent by express a gold medal to each member of his company bearing the inscription: "Fun: the World contributes; Tony Denier distributes; 1880." To his treasurer, F. D. Hild, he dispatched a check for $125. Mr. Denier's next season opens September 1.

—Tony Hart and his brother, John Hart, are spending the Summer at the latter's mansion, in Worcester, Mass. On Monday they entertained a large and select party of Worcester friends, and several atrical celebrities from various cities, at "Eyrie Pavilion," Lake Quinsigamond. A Rhode Island dinner was served, with an elaborate menu. Clam bake was a special feature of the festivities. Tony, as host, contributed a number of his specialties, and the occasion was long remembered jollity.

PROVINCIAL.

What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

BOSTON.

Cinderella at School was witnessed by large audiences during the week at the Boston Museum, and has proved to be quite popular.

Forest Garden: Owing to the great success with which Babes in the Wood has met, it will be continued this week.

Oakland Garden; The Mattie Vicker's Comedy company to good business during the past week.

Walleck's Alhambra: Olivette by the Hess' Acme Olivette company to good business.

Revere Beach Theatre: The Corinne Merriemakers will appear during the week in Olivette and The Magic Slipper.

Items: Isabella E. Schoolcraft, wife of Luke Schoolcraft, died this week, after a lingering illness.—Annie Pixley will appear at the Boston Theatre early in the season, and The Relief of Irkutsk (Michael Strogoff) will be one of the features of the year at this establishment.—Robson and Crane appear at the Globe Theatre for two weeks, commencing November 14.

CHICAGO.

Hooley's Theatre (R. M. Hooley, manager): Cinderella at School is a pleasing and profitable success. Despite the oppressive heat, very good audiences have applauded the charming novelties of the piece. In a comedy of this kind much depends upon the dash and spirit of the performers, and Daly's company certainly do full justice to Cinderella at School. The schoolgirls' performance upon the xylophones has been repeatedly encored. While all the company have done admirably, especial mention ought to be made of Charles Leclercq for his excellent bit of character-acting as the paralyzed Lord Lawntennys, Digby Bells' spirited singing, James Lewis' impersonation of Fortax, and the excellent rendering of Phoebe March, Merope Mallow, Psyche Pertinmons and Zenobia Tropic, by May Fielding, Laura Joyce, Ada Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert. The piece is well set. It will be continued another week, after which John O'Neill and company will commence a season, expecting to continue five weeks. The reason assigned for leaving the Grand Opera House is that they could get a more extended time to present their proposed attractions. They will open with Saratoga.

Grand Opera House (J. A. Hamlin, manager): About once a year Tony Pastor drops into Chicago with his variety troupe, and with the exception of his own songs, always has something new. The pleasing variety is drawn fairly well. The good ventilation of this house, together with the contrivance for cooling, renders it quite comfortable these sweltering Summer nights. The Romance of a Poor Young Man will be given the coming week, which will terminate the present engagement of J. O'Neill at this house.

Olympic Theatre (Z. W. Sprague, manager): Geo. C. Charles' Skeleton Hand combination has drawn medium houses. The show has been quite entertaining, and the play the same as of old.

Lyceum (Alf. Johnson, manager): Our Harding House has been presented, and the proprietor of the comedy may rest assured that he cannot recover any amount of damages for the illegal borrowing of the piece, while the attendance has been of the thinnest possible kind. The proprietors intend to close the last of August with a first class stock company.

Items: Ingomar is announced at the Halsted Street Opera House for next week, with Adel Tucker as Parthenia, and J. Winston Murray as Ingomar.—The National closed the 10th for two weeks, during which time renovation and improvement will be in order.—Fall arrangements have been made for the Summer Nights Concerts at the Exposition Building. The orchestra of fifty pieces will be under the direction of Theo. Thomas. With such talent, and under the management of Milward Adams, of the Central Music Hall, success is certain. Admission has been placed at 25 and 50 cents. The concerts will be given every evening and Saturday afternoon. Julius Richard, Bertha Fiebach, Mr. Engle and Mr. and Mrs. George Heinemann are spending the Summer at Elkhart Lake, Wis. All except Miss Filbach have been engaged for the German company to play at McVicker's Sunday nights.—John E. Owens has returned. He will soon visit New York.—There are reasons to believe that the Wreck of the Pinafore will not be produced at the Grand Opera House, but that the comic opera of Chic will take its place. John O'Neill and company play in Milwaukee and to-morrow evening.—Rochelle, the Creole celebrity, is here. Her debut was remarkably successful.—Mrs. Forrest Wilson (Eugenia Blair) is getting along nicely though still confined to her room. It is hoped she will be able to appear with the company in Saratoga at Hooley's.—Mr. Dillon and party arrived in town 8th.—Augustin Daly will likely have a prolonged Summer season next year at Hooley's. If the arrangements are all perfected he will appear promptly in New York very soon and remain here for the Summer, producing all his New York successes.—Charles L. Davis, of Mrs. Joslyn fame, is at present in the city. Davis is jubilant over his successes. In an interview with Mr. O'Neill, Davis is reported as saying, "I'm not what is called legitimate like Mr. O'Neil; but I'd rather be a darned sight worth $150,000 than a legitimate actor worth a darned cent."—Mme. Peschka Leser has been here all the week. She sings at a concert in Milwaukee the 11th. Will spend the summer in this country, having been engaged for a series of concerts to appear in the East from July 15 to September. Meyer Kruger will appear with the company at Hooley's in Saratoga.—Harry Clapham, the minstrel man, has been in town this week.—Col. Robert Filkins, of the Colvin-Robin Show, was here the first of the week.—Will. Dell has been engaged by C. L. Davis as stage-manager.—Archie McKenzie has gone to Northern Michigan to try his luck with fish.—Frank P. Haven and wife have returned to remain all Summer.—Edwin Clifford's company arrived Thursday and Mason and Morgan's Friday.—Little Mac's coterie, a company of variety people made up here, play at the Pickwick, St. Louis, week of 11th.—Charles Forbes will begin his dramatic season with Yankee Robinson at the Olympic August 8.—Professor Seeman will remain in the city for three weeks.—F. Weber Benton, manager of Park Theatre, St. Louis, is in town.—Theatrical matters are very dull on account of the excessive heat. People prefer comfort to amusement, and there is plenty of elbow room for all who choose to attend theatres.

BALTIMORE.

Monumental Theatre (Ad. Kernan, manager): Notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer has been far up in the nineties this week, good-sized audiences has been present nightly to witness the remarkable exhibition of markmanship given by Frank Howe and Tillie Russell. The feat of shooting fourteen glass balls in fourteen seconds was really wonderful, and Miss Russell established her reputation as mistress of the rifle by shooting objects from the head, hand, and even the mouth of Capt. Howe. The feature of the evening, however, was Capt. Howe shooting objects thrown in the air while riding his horse across the stage in a gallop.

Item: Excepting a few snap companies which are inflicting the smaller towns, every thing pertaining to theatricals is at a dead-lock.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave (John J. Collins, manager): Billee Taylor was continued during the week to immense business. During the week Opera Mad, a version of the old farce of Jenny Lind, preceeded the opera, Blanche Chapman doing finely as Jenny and George Denman making a fine comedy hit as Granby Gag. The first production of La Mascotte is announced for Sunday evening, July 10. Gilbert and Sullivan's æsthetic sarcasm, Patience, is in preparation.

Park Theatre: Business has been very light during the week, and this would point at the fact that one week of any attraction is sufficient for that part of town. Mary Maxwell left the Stella company, and her role of Susan in Billee Taylor has been most acceptably filled by Blanche Adams, a handsome demi-blonde, who promises great things in the soubrette line. Next week Olivette will be the attraction.

Pickwick (A. J. Philips, manager): This establishment remained closed during the week. Mr. Philips is in New York looking after novelties.

Items: Manager John W. Norton has returned from the East, and will soon go back with his wife (Emma Stockman) much changed, the lady having recently had a serious spell of sickness. It is now announced that Mr. Norton will open the new Grand Opera House himself in a round of legitimate characters, supported by McCullough's company. It would seem from this that but little reliance is placed upon Joe Emmett carrying out his engagement.—Last week a number of notes, sent by "mashers" to the ladies on the stage at Uhrig's Cave, were intercepted. One of these to "The young lady in red tights" (Annie Spear), being particularly gushing. The messenger was asked who gave him the note, and he designated A. L. Lansing as the party. The *Post Dispatch* thereupon built up a rich sensational article, after which the boy recanted, and said it was not Mr. Lansing who sent the note. A $15,000 damage suit was entered, but a retraction had been made, and after one day's taking of depositions, devoted chiefly to the definition of "mashing," the matter was amicably adjusted and there it rests.—Koerner's Garden was opened with Dora Gordon Steele early in the week, she being assisted by other talent. Attendance was so light that but three nights' performances were given.—The Roman Students have gone to Memphis.—The Berlin Lady Orchestra continues to attract large crowds to Gregory's Winter Garden.—The thermometer has ranged 100 degrees and over during the past week, and those who could get out of town left. In these spells St. Louis is the nearest place to Hades on earth.—Work on the new theatre is being pushed very rapidly. Nothing new has as yet been done regarding the Washington avenue project.—The Bijou Opera Company was to have commenced an engagement at the Pickwick on July 4, but for some unexplained reason did not put in an appearance.—Manager Collins gave a grand display of fireworks at Uhrig's Cave July 4.

NEW ORLEANS.

Carpenters, painters, and decorators are busy at work at both the St. Charles Theatre and Grand Opera House. At the former, A. Baguetto, scenic artist, is painting some new and elegant scenery. Much alteration in the old scenes has been required, as the "flies" have been raised fully two and one-half feet. Handsome new railing will replace the old woodwork around the dress-circle, and will make a great improvement. Very little, if any, new work will be required at the Academy of Music.

SAN FRANCISCO.

California Theatre (Maguire and Field, managers): The theatre was closed last week, excepting Saturday at the matinee, J. R. Gusiner took a benefit. The Shaughraun was the bill.

Bush Street Theatre (Charles E. Locke, proprietor): Haverly's Minstrels have caught the town, and it would be a matter of impossibility to have any larger houses.

Standard theatre (Charles E. Locke, proprietor): Baker and Fanon commenced a short engagement last Friday to a fair attendance, which has since continued only fair.

Baldwin Theatre (J. H. Young, lessee): Emancipation, a very poor collaboration of incidents from Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Octoroon, was given this week to poor audiences.

Grand Opera House (Sig. Bianchi, manager): The Bianchi Montallo Opera Company, have made a highly artistic and financial hit.

Winter Garden (M. A. Kennedy, manager): La Mascotte is in its last nights, the present being the fifth week.

Tivoli Gardens (Kieling Bros., proprietors): Since the production of Martha, the business at this resort has materially improved.

Items: J. W. Summers, for some time past leading man at the Adelphi Theatre, left for New York Saturday by the Panama steamer. He goes out next season with John A. Stevens, taking the position he formerly held in that company.—M. A. Kennedy is perfecting his arrangements for the production of the new comedy Senator Silverbags. He will play it here, then go East. Adrian F. Bailey will be Kennedy's business agent.—Gus Frohman and O. G. Bernard, the managers of Hazel Kirke party, meditate the management of a theatre here after next season. They are particularly pleased with this city.—The new Emelie Melville Opera company will consist of Emelie Melville, Grace Plaisted, Lillie Post, Charles W. Dungan, Max Freeman, Al Henderson, Tom Casselli, besides the chorus which will be very full and complete.—The management of the California Theatre cleared some $6,000 from the recent success of Hazel Kirke, and still the musicians claim to be unpaid. Most of this money, of course, was remitted to Sam Colville, who is really the "power behind the throne," J. T. Maguire and Asa Field simply acting as managers.—E. T. Stetson, with his new company, consisting of Harry Colton, Arthur Vivian and wife (Helen), W. T. Doyle, G. Y. Stevens, Fred Meredith, Misses Hannie Ingham, Mollie Raynor, besides several minor people, meditates a short season in the country, commencing at Vallejo July 11.—A Hazel Kirke company is talked of for a brief season in Oregon and Washington Territory, composed of local talent.—W. W. Kelley, manager for W. E. Sheridan, is in town.—Charlotte Thompson follows Sheridan at the California Theatre, openin probably in Jane Eyre.—The Mastodons played to some $9500 last week at the Bush Street Theatre, the largest amount ever in the house in seven nights and two matinees.

CINCINNATI.

All theatres closed. Con, T. Murphy, who has been sojourning here for some weeks past, left 7th with Flemingsburg, Ky. as his objective point.—Harry Vance has concluded a brief engagement with the Murray-Ober combination.—Louis Ballenberg having stepped down and out from theatrical management, is now devoting his time and attention to the affairs of the Cincinnatti orchestra.—Treasurer Fennessey, of Heucks, returned from the East on 6th, but departed for Independence, Ky., shortly after.—Manager Buchanano, of the Colliseum, has displayed commendable judgment in his selection of John Morrisey, who will officiate as his business manager during the ensuing season.—Max Maretzek's series of Summer concerts at the Highland will be inaugurated 11th.—J. H. Kline, who during the coming season will act as treasurer of the Rogers-Palmer-Graham combination, departed for New York city 9th, accompanied by his estimable wife.—Gus Williams is spending a few days in the city.—Phil. A. McDonald, last season in advance of the Sam'l of Posen combination, passed through the city 9th en route to St. Louis.—Prof. D. B. Hughes, of Heuck's, accompanied by his wife, left for Boston 7th.—Harry Lewis and Jule Cahn are both East at present enjoying the ocean breeze.—The re-opening of the Coliseum Opera House is fixed for August 13th.—Stage carpenters and scenic artists are busily engaged, at all the theatres, renovating and completing needed improvements.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

Sixteenth Street Theatre (Langrishe & Pierce, managers): W. E. Sheridan closed on the 2d in Louis XI. The early part of the week promised exceedingly well for the entire engagement, but the weather became exceedingly hot and people could not breathe in the house, consequently a spare attendance. The management failed to pay salaries on the 2d, consequently there is some feeling among the company. John T. Raymond opened in Fresh the American on the 4th to standing room only. The weather has become somewhat pleasanter and comedy takes much better in Denver than Shakespeare.

Palace Theatre (Ed. Chase, proprietor): Carrie Swain was billed, but for some cause unknown disappointed the management. This is the fourth time she has played the same game on this house. Denver Life is the sensation for the next two weeks.

Items: The Perry Brothers were each presented with gold headed canes on the night of the 4th by the Palace Theatre company.—Snelbaker's Majestics showed at Turner Hall on the 2d to fair business.—Cole's Circus was here 3d and 4th, but the show was only mediocre; a poor business was the result.

LEADVILLE.

The theatres, with the exception of Varieties, have been closed for past two weeks. On 7th Lisa Weber takes a benefit at Tabor Opera House, on which evening "the Debutante" will be presented to conclude with the burlesque Philo. The talent is all variety, but will probably draw good houses, as Miss Weber is quite popular.—On 8 and 9 The Brothers of Pisa will be put on at Tabor, by request of the many friends of L. J. Culla, the author.—The Grand Central Theatre is doing good business, having lately added several new attsactions. Among them are the La Verda Sisters.—McDowell's doing light business.—In my letter of a few weeks since I said Mr. Schroeder received $5000 for his Man from Texas. I find that I was mistaken. It was $1000. The manuscript has been delivered to Mr. Aiken.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): The Westendorf Ghost Mystery has occupid this house the full week, to good business, and have given immense satisfaction; They go to Waterbury week of 11th and to Bridgeport week of 18th.

Items: E. Rosenbaum, the manager of the Rentz Santley minstrels, paid a short visit to Hartford past week. While here he booked the Gigantics for an appearance early in September.—Manager Roberts says he is in receipt of more letters, and doing more early booking than ever before. I shall not trouble THE MIRROR with a list, however, till it can be something near complete.—Manager Rop, of the American will be at home about 20th, and proposes to entirely renovate the interior of the American.—Had a call from Fanny Herring, who is summering near here. She is busy with preparations for next season, getting out new printing, lithographs, etc.—Conway and Brassill, late of Band's Minstrels, are in town. They have signed with Harry Clapham for next season.

MERIDEN.

Wilcox Opera House (T. H. Delevan manager): Manager Delevan has booked for next season the following attractions: Sol Smith Russell, Joshua Whitcombe, All the Rage, Buffalo Bill, Widow Bedott, The Mascotte, Felicia, Mary Anderson, My Partner, Hundred Wives, George S. Knight and wife, Hazel Kirke, John T. Raymond, Rooms for Rent, Joseph Murphy, Strategists, Muldoon's Picnic, Boston Ideal Opera company; Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West; Ben Maginley, Oliver Doud Byron, College Boys, Baker and Farron, Smith's Tourists, Callendar's Minstrels, Two Orphans, Mrs. G. C. Howard, Frank Frayne, Clark and Gaylord's company, Col. Robinson's Pantomime.

DAKOTA.

DEADWOOD.

Nye's Opera House: Emma Leland, I. N. Beers & Co., played Our Girls June 22, Uncle Tom 25th, Hazel Kirke repeated 2d, Jessie Lee Randolph as Hazel 4th (two performances). Rosedale and Hidden hand for balance of week. Business big. Company played at Ft. Mead June 29, 30, and 1st to splendid business. Jeason closes 23d.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

Items: James F. Joyce, of this city, goes as business agent next season for Joe Murphy.—Mrs. Levy (Miss Minnie Conway) is living here with her sister, Mrs. Lillian Camblos.—Herndon Morrell, lately returned from Europe, left yesterday for New York to join an operatic company, under management of Mr. Curran; Eva Mills is also of the company.—The roof of Ford's Opera House did "not blow." It was that of the National Museum.

ILLINOIS.

FREEPORT.

Wilcoxin's Opera House: Our Boarding House was presented 4th, under the management of F. A. Kendricks, to a large and well-pleased audience. Adele Bray-Kendricks, of this city, as Beatrice Manheim, was well received and repeatedly encored. The Gillipod and Elevator of James Devlin and Scot Marble, taken on the whole, were good, as were also the parts taken by J. Winston Murray (Arthur Dalrymple) and George S. Gray (Fioretti). Mr. Kendricks leaves for Chicago 12th to join the Standard Opera company.

INDIANA.

FORT WAYNE.

The Grand Opera House (H. S. Meusch, manager): This building was totally destroyed by fire 6th; loss $20,000. It is asserted by J. B. White, proprietor, that he will not rebuild, we are thus left with but one place of amusement—the Academy of Music (John A. Scott, manager). The Sullivan Hibernian Blondes, booked at the Grand, appear at the Academy 12th.

Items: George A. Dickson, of Indianapolis, Ind., lessee of the late Grand, is expected here to-day, to negotiate for the completion of the Masonic Grand Opera House. This will be one of the finest theatres in the world.—Work on the Bijou Variety Theatre will begin the latter part of this month.—Thermometer 100 in the shade.

LOGANSPORT.

Dolan's Opera House (G. W. Fender, manager): Tony Pastor opens the Summer season here 11th with his variety entertainment.

MT. VERNON.

A. I. Bird's Dramatic company and Museum, on board their "Floating Palace," played here 29th and 30th.

Burr, Robbins and Colvin's Circus billed for July 19.

RICHMOND.

Items: Burr, Robbins and Colvin's Circus pitched tents at Cambridge City 9th, giving a very mediocre performance.—Sullivan's Hiberman Blondes, which are still traversing this section of the country, are said to be partly made up of the stranded Mrs. Joshua Whitcombe party.

WABASH.

Items: The Burr, Robbins and Colvin Circus appeared 5th to very light patronage in the afternoon, owing to the fact that all farmers in this vicinity were cutting wheat. In the evening the attendance was better.—A young man styling himself Prof. Cody, the Wizard, is holding forth in a store-room here to poor business.

MINNESOTA.

STILLWATER.

Grand Opera House (W. E. Durant, manager): Carver's combination played here June 29, 30 and July 1 to only ordinary business. Haverly's Comedy company 2d in The Strategists to a pretty good house, and gave satisfaction. Haverly's Mastodons will occupy the boards on the 17th inst.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House, (Charles Haines, manager): The Strategists, 4th and 5th, three performances. Although the weather was extremely sultry, there was a fair attendance. J. B. Polk's Jack Ruttledge was a fine piece of acting and heartily enjoyed. Kate Gilbert made a charming and vivacious Nellie Howard. Frank E. Aiken, Harry Linden and the balance of the support were exceedingly good, and the performance throughout proved highly satisfactory.

Items: Outdoor amusements are now taking the place of the dramatic during the heated term. We have three excellent brass bands, and band excursions to our beautiful lakes, White Bear and Elmo, every other evening, are well patronized.—Bookings: Haverly's New Mastodon Minstrels, 11th, 12th. Forepaugh's Great Show gave three performances 2d to immense business.

PENNSYLVANIA.

MEADVILLE.

W. W. Fessler, supported by local talent, produced the Ticket of Leave Man in Greenville, 4th, before a large and fashionable audience. The leading character of Robert Briarly was taken by Mr. Fessler, who did some very fine acting, as did also the balance of the co.

YORK.

Opera House (E. W. Spangler, secretary): Owing to the universal excitement and grief produced by the assassination of the President, and the intense heat, John E. Owens did not appear on the 7th, but postponed his visit until next month.

WISCONSIN.

OSHKOSH.

Turner Hall: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe 2d to an immense crowd. The entertainment was quite satisfactory.

Items: Edwin Clifford closed his dramatic season in this city 4th.—Bartley Campbell's play, entitled Peril, was presented. Standing-room was at a discount.—It is said that Fraker Hall is about to be changed into an opera house, with a seating capacity of 1200.

JANESVILLE.

Myer's Opera House (C. E. Moseley, manager): Harry Webber's Nip and Tuck company 4th, matinee, light business; evening, packed house, and gave great satisfaction. Haverly's New Mastodons have changed date from 16th to 18th.

Item: Manager Moseley has perfected arrangements whereby we are soon to be favored with the popular comic operas of Olivette and Billee Taylor. They will draw well.

CANADA.

HAMILTON.

Grand Opera House (J. R. Spackman, manager): Booked: 19th, Vokes Family; 21st, Tony Pastor; 28th, Haverly's New Mastodons.

Items: L. H. Lampert, the well-known scenic artist of Rochester, who has the contract in connection with the new Opera House at Brantford, is at present busily at work in our city, as the accommodation at Brantford is none of the best. From here he goes to Hornellsville.—Joe Murphy is in town.

HALIFAX.

Academy of Music (J. Jack, secretary): Fifth Avenue Theatre company in Our Boarding House June 30; Big Bonanza 1st, 2d; The Guvnor 4th; Hazel Kirke 3d, to large houses.

The Lyceum (T. M., L. A., proprietors): Healy's Hibernian Minstrels opened 4th, for one week to crowded houses. Stetson, Brooks and Dickson's combination will open here 18th.

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Address this office,

MISS JENNIE McCLELLAN.
68 Hudson Street, Boston.
120 East 13th Street, N. Y.

MISS KATE CASTLETON.
With Jarrett & Rice's Fun on the Bristol. Address this office.

MISS EMMA HOFFMANN,
Serio Comic,
Address Mirror.

MISS ANNIE L. WALKER.
Juvenile Soprano. Leading. Last season with Haverly. 1085 Fulton Ave., Brooklyn.

MISS LIZZIE WALDRO.
Juveniles,
Leadville, Col.

MISS HELEN A. TRACY.
Disengaged.
Address MIRROR Office

MISS IDA E. WHITING.
Soubrettes and Burlesque,
Address 140 Bridgham street, Providence, R.I.

MISS JULIA BLAKE.
Leading or Juvenile Business.
Address Dramatic Agents.

MISS LAURA DON.
Leading.
Address this office

MISS LINA TETTENBORN.
With Tony Pastor's Comb.
Address this office.

MISS LOUISE DEMPSEY.
Leading Business.
MIRROR Office

MISS LIZZIE PRICE.
Leading. Disengaged.
Address this office

MISS MINNIE FOSTER.
Topsy, with Anthony & Ellis Comb. 1880.
Address 388 Main Street, Charleston, Mass.

MISS DEAN McCONNELL.
Leading Juvenile, Fanny Davenport co.
Season 1880-81.

MISS JOSIE LOANE.
Leading Business.
Address MIRROR.

MISS EVA GARRICK.
Abbey's Park Theatre,

MISS MAY STERLING.
Juveniles or Boys.
Address MIRROR.

MISS HELENE BIRD (ADELL).
Leading Business.
At liberty. Address MIRROR

MISS AGNES HERNDON.
At Liberty.
Address MIRROR.

MISS AMY GORDON.
At rest.
Address 507 S Halstead St. Chicago, Ill.

MISS ANNIE MORTIMER.
Re-engaged with Maggie Mitchell's Co
Season 1880 81

MISS CARRIE McHENRY.
With Sol Smith Russell's Company.
Season 1880-81

MISS MINNIE WALSH.
Prima donna. At liberty.
Address MIRROR.

MISS CASSIE TROY.
Season 1880 81.
M'liss Combination

MISS VERNONA JARBEAU.
Address
MIRROR Office.

MISS NELLIE JONES.
Leading Juvenile and Soubrette. At Liberty. Address 31 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

MISS LOUISE DICKSON.
Engaged Season 80-81 with
"Gentleman from Nevada."

MISS LOUISE FILMORE.
Comedy, Drama or Character.
Address Agents

MISS NELLIE LARKELLE,
Mezzo-soprano and Comedienne. At Liberty. Address 12 Union Square.

MISS IDA GLENN.
As Clip, now traveling with Barney Macauley's Messenger from Jarvis Section.

MISS LEONA MOSS.
Address care MIRROR.

MISS ALMA STUART STANLEY,
Forest Garden, Boston.
Address 12 Union Square. New York

MISS IDA COLLINS.
Singing or Walking Ladies.
Address care of C. R. GARDINER.

MISS LOUISE MULDENER.
At liberty.
Address MIRROR office.

MISS MOLLIE REVEL,
Singing Soubrette; late of Baldwin's Theatre, S F. Disengaged '81 82. Ad. Agencies

MISS ROSE GOODALL,
Leading—or Leading Juvenile business
At Liberty. Address 12 Union Square.

MISS MAY TURNER-HATCH,
At Liberty for Light Juveniles.
Address C. R. GARDINER.

MISS JEAN BURNSIDE.
Leading Roles,
Madison Square Theatre, Season 80-81.

MISS LIZZIE CONWAY.
Singing Soubrette.
Address C. R. Gardiner

MISS DORA LEIGH.
Madison Square Theatre.
Address MIRROR Office.

MISS HATTIE BAKER.
Second Soubrette and Utility. At liberty.
243 Congress st., Portland, Me., or this office.

MISS ANNIE WAKEMAN.
Leading Lady. With Fred'k Paulding Combination, 1881-2. Address, 148 W. 16th st

MISS EMMA LATHROPE.
Juveniles, Walking Ladies or Boys.
Address MIRROR or Agencies.

MISS TILLIE SHIELDS.
At Liberty.
Address 12 Union Square.

MISS MEROE CHARLES,
Juveniles and Light Comedy.
Address Simmonds & Brown.

MISS ALICE G. SHERWOOD.
Leading Juvenile and Soubrette. At liberty. Address Tremont House, 665 B'dway.

MISS HELEN OTTOLENGUI.
Madison Square Theatre, in The Professor for Summer season.

MISS SYDNEY COWELL.
Dolie Dutton in Hazel Kirke,
Madison Square Theatre.

MISS JENNIE YEAMANS.
At Liberty.
Address MIRROR.

MISS HELEN BLYTHE.
Leading Lady. With John A. Stevens' Passion's Slave combination. En route

MISS AGNES ELLIOTT,
Re-engaged at Wallack's Theatre,
Season 1881 82.

MME. ADELINA MOTTE,
Re-engaged as Ruth in Pirates of Penzance. Season '80 '81. Address N. Y. MIRROR.

MR. RICHARD VARNEY.
Leading Juveniles.
Address C. R. Gardiner

MR. ALFRED L. SIMPSON.
Musical Director.
With Abbey's Humpty Dumpty season 1880-81.

MR. GEORGE L. SMITH.
Manager Hazel Kirke No 3

MR. SEDLEY BROWN,
Walking Gents and Light Comedy.
At Liberty.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT PARKER.
First Old Man Late with W. E. Sheridan. Summer address, Everett, Mass.

MR. JAMES ARNOLD MORRIS.
Address MIRROR office

MR. MAURICE STRAFFORD'
Re-engaged, Boston Museum,
Season 1881-82

MR. J. H. ANDERSON.
Asst. Manager English's Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind. Re-engaged season 1881-82

MR. CHARLES PUERNER.
Musical Director,
Niblo's Garden, N. Y.

MR. H. J. EAVES.
Costumer. The leading one in America
63 East 12th Street

MR. HARRY IRVING.
With Buffalo Bill.
Season 1880 1

MR. GEORGE PURDY.
Musical Director and Stage Manager Evangeline comb. Address MIRROR.

MR. J. F. BRIEN.
With John A. Stevens Passion's slave combination. En route

MR. MARCUS MORIARTY.
Clarke & Gayler's Connie Soogan combination, 1881 82. Address No 10 W. 13th St

MR. FRANK HAYDEN.
Valentine in Olivette. Corinne Merriemakers. Season 1880 81.

MR. AND MRS. F. D. HILDRETH
(VICTORIA NORTH.)
With Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty co

MR. MILTON NOBLES
May be addressed until September at his residence, No 139 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. LESLIE GOSSIN,
At Liberty.
Address Windham, N. Y., or Agents.

MR. G. D. CHAPLIN,
As Major Britt, in My Partner combination, season 1881 82

MR. D. R. YOUNG.
Juveniles and Gentle Heavies.
Address Simmonds & Brown

MR. JOHN W. ARCHER.
with John T. Raymond company.
Season 1881

MR. HARRY MACK,
At Liberty
Address MIRROR

MR. HAROLD WARREN.
Late as Freddy, with The Guv'nor combination. At liberty. Address MIRROR.

MR. W. S. DABOLL.
Count de Carojac, with Collier's Banker's Daughter. Season 81 82. Ad. Providence, R. I

MR. CHARLES C. MAUBURY,
Lingard's Stolen Kisses Co
Season of 1881-82.

MR. JOHN J. SULLIVAN.
With Bartley Campbell's
Galley Slave Company. Season of 1879-80

MR. CHARLES J. THOMAS.
Walking Gent.
Address this office

MR. LOUIS H. HAYWOOD and JOSIE ROBINSON. At Liberty.
Address MIRROR Office

MR. HARRY FARMER.
Musical Director. At Liberty.
Late Haverly's, Chicago. Address this office

MR. HARRY D. GRAHAME.
Re-engaged for Season 1880-81
With Oliver Doud Byron

MASTER CHARLES E. OSBORNE,
Late of Corinne Opera Co. At Liberty June 15. Comedian. 27 LaGrange St., Boston.

MR. HENRY LEE.
Engaged at Madison Square Theatre season 1881-2

MR. S. W. LAUREYS.
Professor of the art of Costuming.
7 8 Broadway, over Vienna Bakery

MR. FLOYD COOK.
Youths and Minor Roles.
Address C. R. GARDINER, or this Office

MR. FRANK OAKES ROSE.
Juvenile, Leading, Eccentric and Light Comedy. Agents or St. Lawr'e Hall, Montreal

MESSRS. HYDE & BEHMAN.
Proprietors and Managers
Hyde & Behman's Theatre.

MR. CHARLES H. KIDDER.
With Mr. John McCullough. Season 1880 1881.

MR. ERNEST HARTRAM.
Old Man. Eccentric Comedy Character.
No 1513 Vine street, Philadelphia.

MR. L. F. LAWRENCE.
Tenor.
Address MIRROR

MR. PHILIP BECK.
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
London, Eng

MR. HARRY COURTAINE,
With Steele Mackey's Won at Last, en route. Address MIRROR

MR. E. H. STEPHENS.
Eccentric comedy and old men.
136 East Twelfth street

MR. W. D. MARKS,
Pirate King, D'Oyly Carte's Co.
En Route. Address 302 E. Ninth Street

MR. JOHN E. INCE,
Comedian. Engaged for Monsier Jolivet in Michael Strogoff. Season 1881-2.

MR. LEONARD S. OUTRAM.
Supporting Frederick Warde,
Season 1881 82.

MR. HARRY C. SMART,
Advance Mr. and Mrs Geo. S. Knight.
Season 1881 82. Address MIRROR.

MR. E. L. WALTON.
Leading Comedy and Character.
Address J. J. SPIES, this office.

MR. EDWIN F. THORNE.
Address Agencies

MR. LEO COOPER.
Scott-Siddons.
Season 1880-81.

MR C. C. REEVE.
Treasurer Niblo's Garden Theatre.
J. H. HAVERLY, Proprietor and Manager

MR. C. A. McMANUS.
Address 421 N. Eighth Street, Phila.

MR. C. G. CRAIG.
Stage Manager and Leading Heavy Support Charlotte Thompson. Address MIRROR.

MR. CHARLES HARKINSON.
Address MIRROR office.

MR. C. J. BISHOP
as Tom Follet, Haverly's Widow Bedott co. En route.

MR. WILL. C. COWPER,
Re engaged for T. W. Keene's summer season. Horatio, Roderigo, etc.

MR. WM. F. OWEN.
Comedian, disengaged for season of 1881-82. Address Simmonds & Brown.

MR. ERNEST LINDEN.
With Moore & Burgess.
St. James' Hall, London

MR. ED. P. WILKS.
Daly's Theatre.
Address this office

MR. E. M. SMITH.
Re-engaged at Daly's Theatre.
Season of 1880-8

MR. F. S. HARTSHORN.
Capt. Grant, in The Voyagers.
Boston Theatre

MR. FREDERIC INTROPIDI.
Musical Director D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance, Co. C. Room 27, Cooper Institute

MR. CLINTON PARK,
Juvenile and Light Comedy Roles.
Engaged for season at Hamlin's Parlor Theatre, Ravenswood Beach, L. I. At liberty next season

MASTER HARRY WOODRUFF,
Robert Grant in the Voyagers in Southern Seas, last season. Address Simmonds & Brown, 1160 Broadway, or residence 231 West 22d street, New York.

MR. HARRY S. FALKIRK,
Burlesque and Eccentric Old Woman. At Liberty for seasons 1881-82. 934½ Harrison Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MR. OWEN DALE,
First Old Man, Heavies and Eccentric character. At Liberty for 1881-82. Address 934½ Harrison street, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS FLORENCE D. KELLOGG.
Prima-donna soprano. At liberty. Repertoire: Fatinitza, Pirates of Penzance, Bohemian Girl, Chimes of Normandy, Pinafore, etc. Address 39 East Swan st., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISS LISA WEBER.
Leading Burlesque, Comedy and Opera Bouffe. On tour with M. B. Leavitt's Novelty co. Address 12 Union Square.

MR. RICHARD S. SMITH.
Scenic Artist. Finished Opera House, York, Pa. Repainting Grand Opera House, New Haven. Address, 1116 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. GEORGE E. OWEN.
Business Agent or Treasurer. Can be engaged for season of 1881 82. Address, care of Job Print, No. 4 Alden Court, Boston, Mass.

MR. ATKINS LAWRENCE.
Leading Business.
With Mary Anderson Co. Season 1880-81—Re-engaged. Characters—Huon, Claude Melnotte, Fazio, Romeo, Clifford.

MISS PEARL EYTINGE.
Leading Juveniles.
Address SIMMONDS & BROWN, or NEW YORK MIRROR.

MR. M. M. WHELAN.
Fifteen years experience. Business Manager, Treasurer and Advance.
Address, Metropolitan Hotel, Boston, Mass.

OTIS SKINNER.
Boston Theatre,
Season 1880-81.

THE RESORT.

—PATRICK J. SHARKEY,—
THIRTEENTH STREET AND FOURTH AVE.

Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, choicest brands of Champagne

FAVORITE RESORT OF THE PROFESSION.

JOHN GILBERT MACKIE,
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
848 Broadway,
Two doors above Wallack's Theatre.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The attention of Agents and Managers is called to the following cards. They represent the leading theatres, hotels, bill-posters and expressmen of the respective cities and towns indicated.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

ARMORY HALL, GEORGE S. SMITH, Manager. Seating capacity 600. Will rent or share to first-class attractions.

CHELSEA, MASS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

J. B. FIELD, Manager and Agent. Open to engagements to first class companies on sharing or rental terms.

CITY HOTEL, E. C. MURFEY, Proprietor.

J. B. LEONARD, Bill-poster.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

MASONIC HALL, Philip Klein, Manager, in Comstock's Circuit, centrally located. 19 Sets of Scenery, Set Stuff. Only first-class companies need apply. Entrance, ground floor.

PHILIP KLEIN, Bill-Poster and Manager of Masonic Hall. Show, commercial paper received in advance. Work done promptly. Opposite Post-Office.

COLUMBUS, O.

COMSTOCK'S OPERA HOUSE, THEO. COMSTOCK, Proprietor. FRANK COMSTOCK, Business Manager.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, JAMES C. DUNN, Proprietor. Corner High and Gay streets. Special rates to the profession.

JOHN B. MILLER, BILL-POSTER and GENERAL ADVERTISER, No 42 West Town street. Owns ALL boards in the city.

DANBURY, CONN.

TURNER HOUSE,

BEN CROSBY,
PROPRIETOR.

Having secured the above-named house, I offer special rates to the profession. Meals at all hours. Everything first-class.

OPERA HOUSE, JAMES S. TAYLOR, proprietor. Seating capacity, 1,000 chairs; family circle and balcony. Well lighted by gas.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

MOORE'S OPERA HOUSE, W. W. MOORE Manager. Seating capacity 1,200; centrally located; no low priced shows admitted; do our own posting and own principal boards in the city. Most popular house.

ABORN HOUSE, RISLEY & VAIL, Proprietors. Court avenue and Fourth street. Rates, $2 50 and $ per day. Special rates to the profession.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE SUPPLIES. Contracts solicited. Lowest prices for best Stock. Hay, Corn, Oats, Mixed Feed, &c. W. S. HALE & CO., Millers, 65 and 67 S. Columbia Street. Refer to N. Y. MIRROR Cor.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

POWERS OPERA HOUSE. Seating capacity 1,400. Large and commodious stage, and full stock of scenery. Open to engagements to first-class companies on sharing or rental terms. WM. H. POWERS, Manager.

HARRISBURG, PA.

MARKLEY & TILL,
AMUSEMENT MANAGERS.

First-class combinations played on sharing terms at GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Have played leading attractions in the last two seasons. Write for dates, etc.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
W. H. KMMINGER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

Special rates to the profession.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

GIBBONS' OPERA HOUSE, P. GIBBONS, Proprietor. Capacity, 1000. Centrally situated. The most popular theatre in the city. Can offer greater inducements than any other management. Will take first class attractions on sharing terms or rental.

KO-KO-MO, IND.

THE LIVEST TOWN IN THE STATE. Population 7000; Situated 54 miles north of Indianapolis, at the crossing of the I. P. & C., P. C. & St. L., F. & K. and L. E. & W. R. R's. Good Opera House, lighted with gas, furnished with (nearly) all the modern conveniencies, both of stage and auditorium, and seats 1000 people—edgewave. Only one show booked same week. Address H. E. HENDERSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

FULTON OPERA HOUSE, B. YECKER, Proprietor and Manager. Seating capacity, 1200. Own the principal bill boards in the city and attend carefully to posting and distributing.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

NEW HAVEN OPERA HOUSE, JOHN N. NEAR, Lessee and Manager. The leading theatre. Refitted and refurnished this season. Ready to open Aug. 20. Will rent or share.

AUSTIN HOUSE, E. FREEMAN, Proprietor, 160 State street. Two blocks from depot. Horse cars pass the house every six minutes. $2 00 per day. Modern improvements.

COL. JOE BLAKESLEE,
BILL-POSTER,
No. 17 Gregson Street, rear of Post-Office.

LYNN, MASS.

MUSIC HALL.

J. F. ROCK, Lessee and Sole Manager.

For dates apply as above. No other party connected with this Hall.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, JOHN FERGUSON, Manager. The only theatre in Ottawa. Seating capacity 1,250. Good scenery, well lighted and heated. Rent or share.

WINDSOR HOUSE, S. DANIELS, Proprietor. A first class hotel within two minutes' walk of the Opera House and Post Office. Special inducements to the profession.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

"MAHACEMO" HOTEL, OPPOSITE N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Depot. Special rates to the profession. Heated by steam.
H. FRANCISCO, Proprietor.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, S. WALDMAN, Manager. Finest Theatre in the West, in fashionable part of the city. Low rent. Best sharing terms.

LAGONDA HOUSE, C. S. SKINNER, Proprietor. Rates $2 50 per day. Largest and finest house in the city, and only one patronized by the profession. Special rates.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

OPERA HOUSE, CHARLES HAINES, Manager. Seating capacity 1,200, centrally located on Wabasha street near Third. Rent or share to first class combinations.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

CRAWFORD'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

L. M. CRAWFORD, Manager.

Will be ready Sept 1.

Address all communications to LESTER CRAWFORD, Manager.

WILKESBARRE, PA.

MUSIC HALL, M. H. BURGUNDER, Manager. Located in the business part of the city, next door to Post Office. Seating capacity 1,200, and has a full stock of new scenery. Will play first class companies only.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

MUSIC HALL, S. C. JAMESON, Manager. Open to engagements to first-class combinations on sharing terms or rental. Seating capacity, 1200. Population within three miles of hall, 25 000.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

NEW OPERA HOUSE. Finest Theatre in Michigan, outside of Detroit. Modern in all respects. Seating capacity, 900. Rent or share to first class combinations.
Address OPERA HOUSE CO.

AN OPEN LETTER!

From a young lady (who, in exchange for batches of poetry contributed to a certain newspaper, had the privilege of examining the "exchanges" thereof,) to her friend, the daughter of a well-known theatrical manager:

CHAUTAUQUA, July 3, 1881.

DEAR EMELIE: Your welcome favor of the 24th ult. just to hand.

Ah, no! your father must not "back water" on his wager with me to the effect that there was no such person as Edward Witting, Press Agent. Despite this apparent intention to desert his argument, I will endeavor to present my side of the case as well as the following will permit; and you may rest assured that if you, as arbitrator, decide in my favor—I will be on hand to claim the spoils. Before I do so, however, let me hint of the praises of this delightful retreat, where the cooling breezes of Lake Erie and the many fascinations of the charming recesses hereabouts are wonderful restorers of nerve-worn natures in life's unceasing struggle for supremacy. Boating, dancing, fishing, bathing, and an occasional country picnic are time killers that I know you will thoroughly enjoy; and so, it is hereby ordered that you report by August 5th, at which time Aunt Martha and the girls will be here.

Well, in looking over the "homespun" exchanges, one of them says, "that there is to be a new era in theatrical newspaper advertising this year, and that Edward Witting, press agent, is the right man in the right place," or words of like import. This fact almost made me write:

TO MANAGERS:

If you on success, in the new era of advertising, are bent—
Be sure to secure the services of Edward Witting as your business Agent.

This, you will observe, is far superior to anything that Shakespeare may have said upon the same subject, and serves its purpose admirably.

My arguments' right wing consists of these statements:

"Mr. Edward Witting is a thoroughly reliable and enterprising business manager."—O. C. Brown, Esq., manager New Eighth Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

"Mr. Witting is one of the best managers of practical newspaper advertising in the country."—J. W. Daughaday & Co's Model Press, Philadelphia.

"Mr. Edward Witting is fast winning a national reputation as a writer of humorous advertisements."—New Orleans Times.

"Mr. Edward Witting, press agent for the show, called upon us this morning and we found him to be an extremely pleasant gentleman. Mr Witting is as far removed from what people call "show-agents," meaning the ignorant, superstitious, trifling agent, who talks loudly, slangy and vulgar, as is a talented lecturer from a negro minstrel. He is polite, courteous and understands his business, one whom it is a pleasure to do business with."—Hazleton (Pa.) Daily Bulletin.

* * * "The press are indebted to Mr. Edward Witting, press agent, for favors conferred, whom our contemporaries will find a first-class gentleman."—Towanda (Pa.) Argus.

I must admit it took me some time to collect this evidence, nevertheless the facts stand as recorded and cannot be undone.

Mr. Winship will probably be surprised at this:

"Very much pleased with Mr. Witting's ideas of advertising."—John P. Smith, Esq., manager Pullman Tourists.

My left wing, as you see, looms up quite strongly:

"Mr. Edward Witting is a finished humorous writer, and an active business man."—Louisiana Capitolian, Baton Rouge, La.

"Mr. Witting is a gentlemanly representative."—Petroleum World, Titusville, Pa.

"Mr. Edward Witting, press agent, * * * is a very interesting gentleman, and one thoroughly acquainted with the business. It is a rarety to find such mannerly gentlemen with traveling shows."—Pittston (Pa.) Evening Press.

"Mr. Witting's originality in writing up advertisements is remarkable. * * * The talent for this kind of work is born, not acquired."—Wm. M. Clark, Esq., Editor Printer's Guide, Philadelphia.

You are by this time probably surprised at my endeavors to support the claims of a comparative stranger, though I think we will both agree that all is fair in war, and that modesty in business is an unknown quality. Could I, with your father's permission, insist upon your memorizing these affidavits:

"Mr Edward Witting, press agent for the show, is a gentleman in every particular, and the company which he represents are fortunate in securing the services of such a man to transact their business for them."—Tunkhannock (Pa.) Standard.

"Mr. Edward Witting, press agent of Batcheller and Dorris' Shows, passed through the city Friday last, looking after the newspaper interests of the firm. He is a pleasant gentleman to do business with."—Elmira (N. Y.) Sunday Telegram.

"Press agent Edward Witting gave us a very pleasant call last evening. He is a practical printer and newspaper man, having worked for several years in Philadelphia offices."—Williamsport (Pa.) Daily Banner.

I hereby rest my case, (with plenty of reserves in newspaper words), and, in submitting the foregoing to your calm and impartial judgment, I do so with firm belief in your honor and integrity, and with the hope that the following may not escape your official notice:

EDWARD WITTING, PRESS, BUSINESS, OR ADVANCE AGENT, AT LIBERTY FOR THE SEASON '81-82, MAY BE PERMANENTLY ADDRESSED AT No. 1122 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA.

Wishing you and yours prosperity, I remain your devoted friend,

TILLIE PLANEFACTR.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

1877. FIFTH SEASON. 1882.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE AND WEST

MAMMOTH MINSTRELS

WILL

Commence their Fifth Season in August.

REORGANIZED AND ENLARGED. AND PRODUCING SEVERAL NEW FEATURES,

PRESENTING ONE OF THE MOST REFINED MINSTREL PERFORMANCES OF THE DAY.

E. B. BROWN, Manager.

GREATER THAN EVER!

THE ORIGINAL AND JUSTLY CELEBRATED

RENTZ--SANTLEY

NOVELTY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY.

M. B. LEAVITT, Sole Proprietor. E. ROSENBAUM, Manager.

Comprising the following famous artists for the season of 1881-82:

MABEL SANTLEY, ROSA LEE, LOTTIE ELLIOTT,
PARKER SISTERS (Georgie and Lizzie), LIZZIE PAINE, HELEN CORTLAND,
ALICE BATEMAN, LIZZIE DALY, ELLA WARNER,
FANNIE FLORENCE, KATE ARLINGTON, LOUISE RANDEL,
M'LLE CORA, ADA MARSTERS, CHASE AND BUCKLEY,
THE MURPHYS (Paddy and Ella), THE WOODS (Harry and Minnie),
MANCHESTER AND JENNINGS, PROF. HARRY WALKER.

Positive production of the new and original burlesque written especially for this popular company entitled

Haze-L-Kirke and the Mast-Cot.

The most powerful, complete and perfect organization in America, opening the season in New York August 29th.

M. B. LEAVITT'S NEW GREAT SPECIALTY COMPANY.

M. B. LEVITT, Sole Proprietor. DUDLEY McADOW, Manager.

The Largest and Best Specialty Company in the World.

Will inaugurate their season SEPTEMBER 5, 1881, at the National Theatre, Philadelphia.

Read the following list of the most famous and largest salaried artists in existence:

THE FRENCH TROUPE, DAVENES, FOUR IN NUMBER, the celebrated Æreal Champions.

SANDFORD AND WILSON, America's greatest comedians,

ANDY AND ANNIE HUGHES, the leading sketch artists and dancers.

THE FOUR DIAMONDS, Watson, Sawtelle, Bernardi and Gilmore, the funniest and most eccentric comedians before the public.

NELLIE RICHARDS, the unequaled serio-comic vocalist.

VAL VOSE, the premier ventriloquist of the world.

ANDY COLLOM, the wit and punster, and famous banjo soloist.

BONNIE RUNNELLS, the most mirth-provoking Dutch comique living.

The Two Barneys,

MASTER BARNEY and BARNEY McNULTY,

Without exception the foremost comedians in America, in their original and successful comedy creation:

MALONEY'S VISIT.

PROF. JOS. ALI, Leader of Orchestra.

W. J. CHAPPELLE, General Agent.

TONY PASTOR'S

Immense Company

—FOR 1881—

THE BEST COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

CHICAGO CITIZENS CROWD AND CHEERFULLY COMMEND.

A GREAT JAM IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

PACKED FROM PROSCENIUM ARCH TO CURB OF THE STREET.

THE LARGEST AUDIENCE EVER IN THE BUILDING.

TONY PASTOR

AND HIS PERFECT COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

JOHN A. DINGESS.....Agent
H. S SANDERSON.....Manager.

1881 1882

HOOLEY'S COMEDY CO.

Under the personal management of

R. M. HOOLEY,

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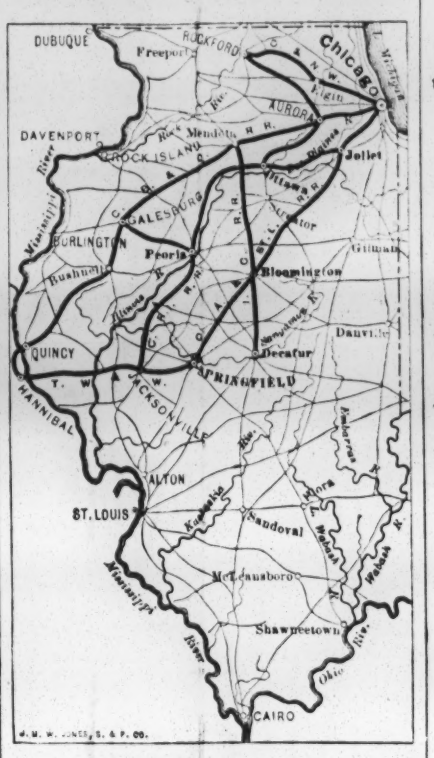

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